SPLASH
ART • FASHION
FEBRUARY 88
$4
(UK £1.95)
HORST
JOSEPH KOSUTH
ROBERT RAUSCHENBERG
JOHN WATERS

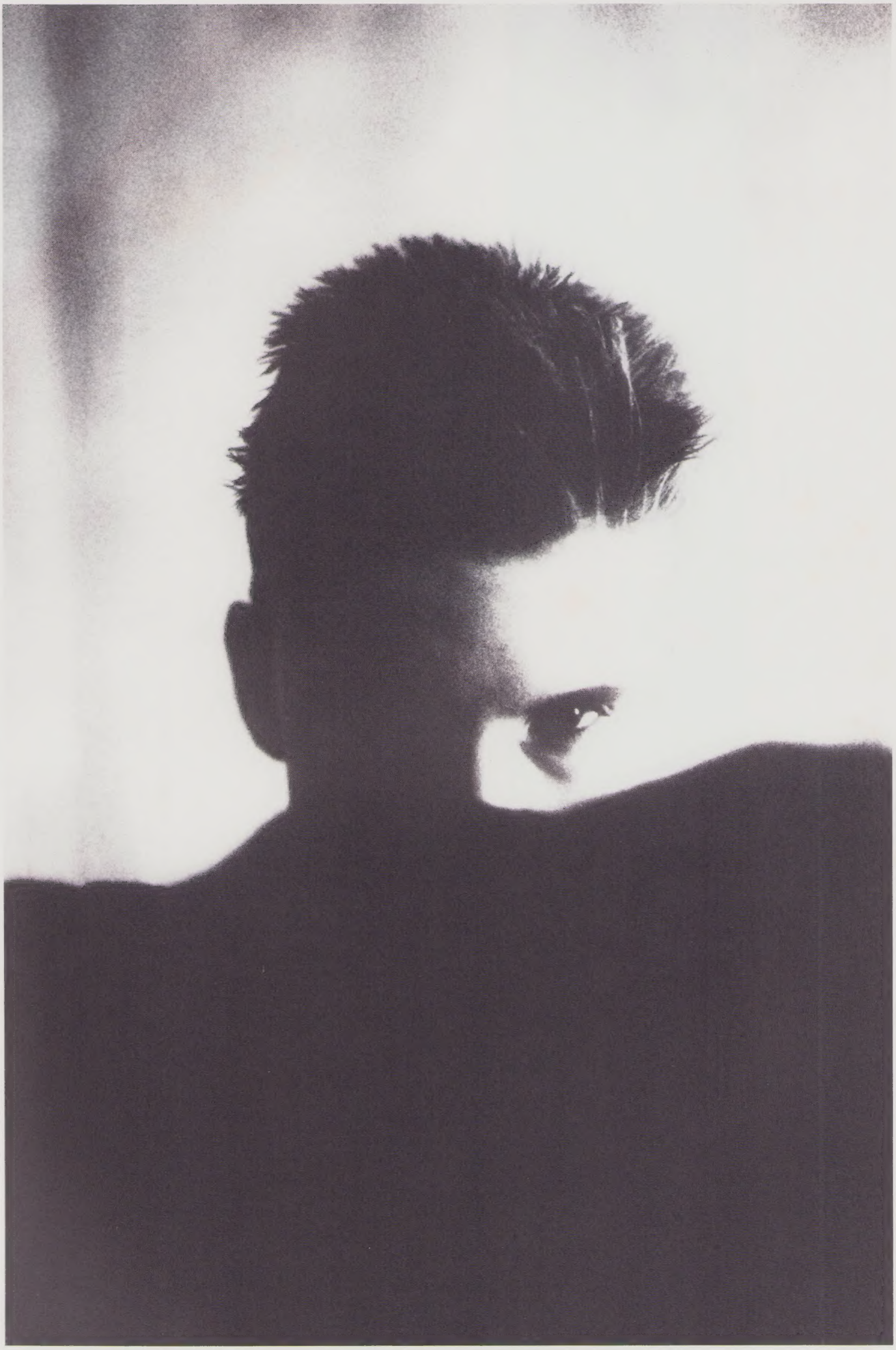
PARIS
6 RUE
VIVIENNE
MILAN
20 VIA
DELLA
SPIGA
TOKYO
2-2-5
SAROUAKU
SHIBUYA KU
HONG
KONG
PRINCES
BUILDING
5 H
5 3 5

GAULTIER

CONTENTS

EXPO
HORST
KOSUTH
FRONTIER HOTEL
RAUSCHENBERG'S ROCI
TANGO
JOHN WATERS
EX LIBRIS
VALSE TRISTE
OPINE
I WENT TO HEAVEN, MET ELVIS
AND TOOK HIS PHOTO AS PROOF
STARS

COVER PHOTOGRAPH BY HORST.
PHOTOGRAPH THIS PAGE GLEN ERLER.
LOS ANGELES, 1987.



SPLASH

PUBLISHER/EDITOR-IN-CHIEF
CHARLES JORDAN CRANDALL

EDITOR
LISA D. BLACK

ADVERTISING DIRECTORS
JONELLE WEAVER
DARYL BOONE

FLORIDA CORRESPONDENT
MARY AKASHAH

MONTREAL CORRESPONDENT
CAROL RUTTER

CONTRIBUTING FASHION EDITOR
LAUREN LANDAU

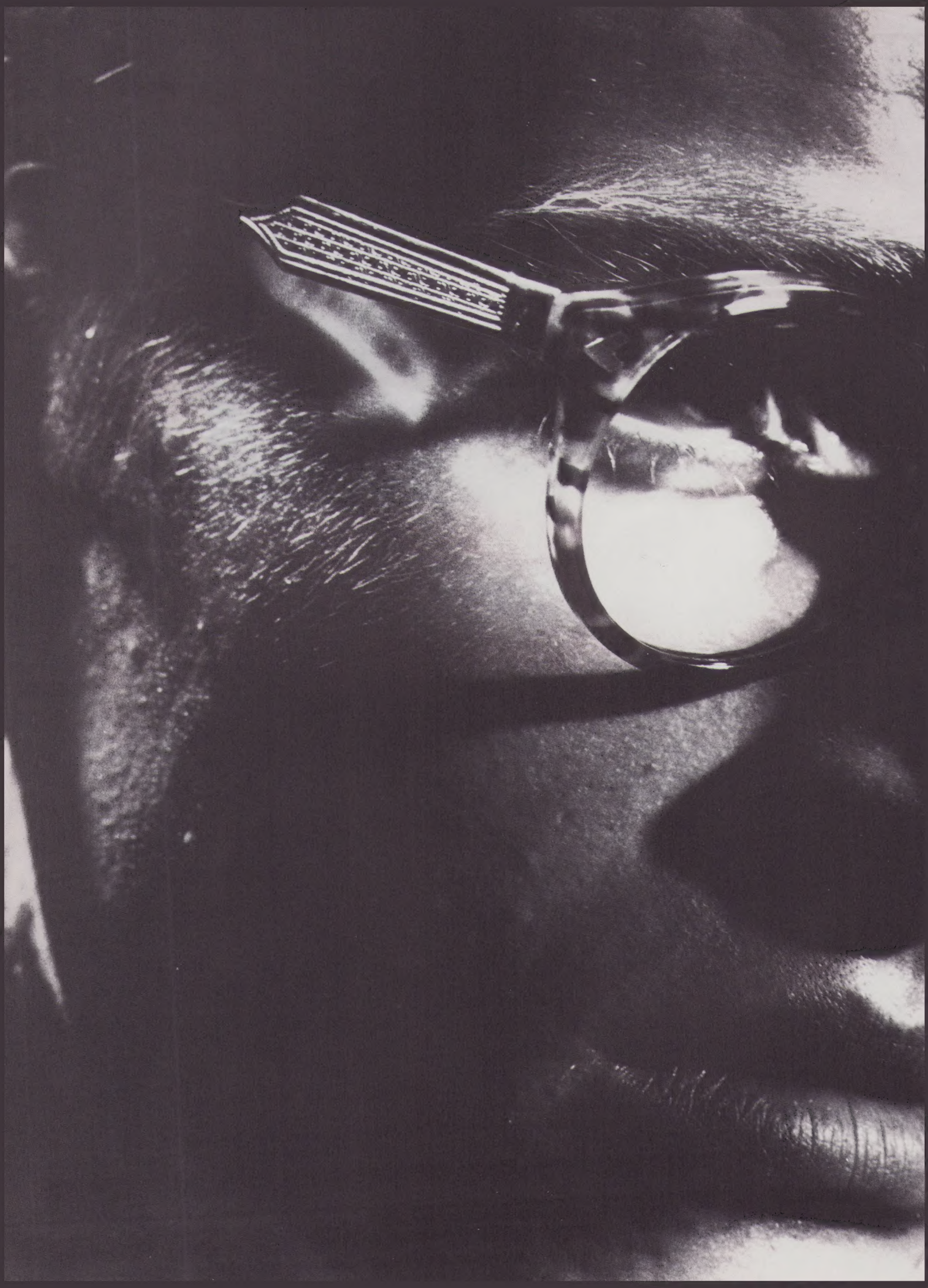
CONTRIBUTING FASHION EDITOR
REIKO CLARK

SPLASH Editorial and Business Office
561 Broadway, 4B
New York, NY 10012
Tel: (212) 966-3218

SPLASH(ISSN 0893-0414) is published bimonthly except July and August by Crandall Enterprises, Inc. © 1987 by Crandall Enterprises, Inc. All rights reserved. Reproduction without permission is strictly prohibited. The publisher and editor are not responsible for unsolicited material. All correspondence should be mailed to SPLASH, 561 Broadway 4B, New York, NY 10012. Tel: (212) 966-3218.
Subscriptions: Orders, inquiries and address changes should be sent to: SPLASH, 561 Broadway 4B, New York, NY 10012. One year subscription (USA) $20, $30 first class mail; (Canada) $30 surface, $45 air; (Foreign) $40 surface, $55 air. Application to mail at second-class postage rates is pending at New York and additional mailing offices. Postmaster: send address changes to SPLASH, 561 Broadway 4B, New York, NY 10012.
Distribution: USA: Four Star News, 31-17 12th Street, Long Island City, NY 11106, Tel. (718) 274-3419. **International:** Boarts International, 747 Third Ave, New York, NY 10017. Tel. (212) 688-2778, Cable BOARTSINT, Telex 62276. SPLASH is printed in the United States by S. Rosenthal & Co. Typesetting by EyeType, New York.

SPLASH MAGAZINE
CRANDALL ENTERPRISES, INC
Charles Jordan Crandall, President
FOUNDERS
Loretta Crandall
Charles William Crandall
Lenora Crandall

ROBERT LA ROCHE®



Robert La Roche Eyewear.

At leading opticians only.

Robert La Roche of America Inc.,

18 East 16th Street, New York City,

New York 10003, USA

Telephone: (212) 9246266

ROBERT LA ROCHE®

Christian Dior

30, avenue Montaigne
12, rue Boissy-d'Anglas
PARIS 8e

URBAN

SPRING

4040 Locust St.
Philadelphia, PA 19104
215-222-3358

1801 Walnut St.
Philadelphia, PA 19102
215-569-3131

11 JF Kennedy
Cambridge, MA 02138
617-864-0070

628 Broadway
New York, NY 10012
212-475-0009

374 6th Ave.
New York, NY 10003
212-677-9350

3111 M St NW
Washington, DC 20007
202-342-1012

URBAN
OUTFITTERS

E x p o

PUNK EQUILIBRIUM

carlo VP groome

"The sky above the port was the color of a television, tuned to a dead channel."

—William Gibson, *Neuromancer*

"Noise is the language of the new human-mechanical life. The Futurist dance will therefore be accompanied by *organized noises* and by the orchestra of special effects . . . "

—Marinetti, from *The Manifesto of Futurist Dance* July 8, 1917

The world of Tomorrow is built upon the ruins of Today. In this vision of Science Fiction called Cyberpunk, the planet is not so much rescued from acid rains, the depletion of the ozone layer, and the extinction of endangered animal strains as it is held together with spit, baling wire, and benign neglect. The only thing that moves civilization forward is the economy of information exchange. The people who can accept this and interact with it are the survivors of what Harvard anthropologist Steven Jay Gould calls Punctuated Equilibrium (a.k.a. Punk Eke): the uneven stop/start cycle of evolution. These global, social and climatic traumas can be easily translated into the world of music, but it will not be the antiseptic music of the MIDI or the synthesizer that fuels the future; the sounds of tomorrow will come from the junkyards of rusting metal and the recycled riffs of old records.

In New York and Berlin local bands such as Missing Foundation, Pussy Galore, and Mark Stewart + MAFFIA, here, and Einstuerzende Neubauten, there, are redefining the ear frontier. What this latest revolution offers is the struggle to create from discards, refuse, obsolescence, and redefine chaos as medium of self expression. They follow the path of Cladagenesis where speciation (geographic isolation from the general population) can occur and branch off into a new hybrid—in this case, a new phylum/class of rock music.

In the pop vein, the extremes are best found in the work of Mark Stewart + MAFFIA, accomplished studio players that have also formed the basis of Fats Comet, Gary Clail and the Tackheads as well as backing proto-rappers, The Sugarhill Gang. Their latest work, *S.A.N.D.* (on Upside Records), as deconstruction goes, lays claim to yesterday's images and iconography—as important and valuable as any today. The whole effect is one of cuts and quotes that feel like the crossover of AM radio stations clustered around some urban contemporary, mega-watted monster. The same machine-tooled beats bracket snippets of Erik Satie (on "Stranger Than Love"), surge through dub loops and the Beastie Boys (on"Anger is Holy"), and doppler-shifts through stereo channels from the old chestnut of despair, "My Death Waits There" (on "Survivalist"). What holds it all together, however, is the notion that this particular combination of dance beats and noise surprises could only develop in the New York atmosphere of experimentation where everything is permitted.

The other end of this spectrum finds Pussy Galore

Publicity photograph for Einstuerzende Neubauten.

working in the fertile vein of obscenity, creating songs that express rage and disgust with a society that attempts to ignore its baser self. The signs of their genetic drift (their heritage from a previous generation) can be found in the '60s bands, the Fugs (who took the veiled sexual references of Blues and made them explicit in folk-rock) and the Velvet Underground (who legitimized the subjects of drug abuse and sexual perversion while coupling them with the elements of atonality found in Free Jazz). In their most recent performances the drumkit is augmented by an empty automobile gas tank with a huge steel spring resting on the axle depression as the beatsman wields both the traditional wooden stick and a metal rod. Over the screech and grunge of guitar feedback and tortured vocals the sound is compelling and galvanizing and unique . . . until one considers where this innovation originated.

"We really didn't have to think about it. We had a normal drumkit in the beginning and then we had to sell it because we couldn't pay the rent. Then you just automatically start using your own environment to create from. It wasn't a reaction to any kind of band. It was the direction of many things, many millions of influences. My surroundings are probably my main influence. Everything I see, read, whatever I ate . . ." says Blixa Bargeld, the bandleader of Germany's Einstuerzende Neubauten.

For those unfamiliar with their music, to detail the kind of shock effect of these industrial-noise pioneers (formed in the early '80s) requires that one stretch the bounds of imagination into the realms of the hallucinatory. The vision of this band (which translates into Collapsing New Buildings) is an urban soundtrack where the instruments are guitars, a jackhammer, a bass spring, a pneumatic drill, an electrified shopping cart and sheet steel. Here—resonating against poor construction standards—the old decays and the new self-destructs. It is not as much a nightmare as a symbiosis, a forced joining of species that awakens you to life, to an awareness of reality similar to the one that catatonics experience after electroshock therapy. We have met the future and its collapsing imagery is falling in our faces. What Neubauten builds their aesthetic upon is the machines of de- and reconstruction, and the supposedly-extinct vibrations from that music trauma of the '70s: Punk Rock.

When Neubauten came to Danceteria in early '84, it was considered to be a species climax of the post-Punk movement. "I had a punk band before I did Neubauten. I started doing music when I was about 13 but I gave it up for a long time. I started again when punk came along; it seemed like everything was possible, suddenly."

Their awesome power and mystique is captured best in their 1985 video, *1/2 Mensch* from SMS/Wave (Japan). "The most incredible thing about the 'Halber Mensch' video was that this extensive 50-minute film, that was so well-produced and with this huge staff of people, could be made." Shot in an abandoned factory, the band plays and acts amid their milieu of refuse, seeming to pull their devices straight from the chaos as fires rage about them.

Juxtaposing the band's performance with the dance of *Sohgoh Butai*, the greasepainted pain-players from Japan (where the video was made) is a stroke of genius from director Gosho Ishii—in collaboration with each member. "It was meant to be that everybody in the band had a personal part, in this scene, how they wanted to be presented." Images of corruption pile up in profusion. Mufti (banger/percussionist F.M. Einheit) contemplating the worms crawling over his feet is intercut with a human leg eaten away by worms and two dancers tied tightly together—writhing and grinning obsequiously—even as they struggle to escape their bonds. Andrew (ex-New Yorker and percussionist N.U. Unruh) hangs upside-down as do the Butai troupe when in performance. Mark (Chung, British master of the decibel levels) contemplates himself in a stagnant oil pool that boils into a fetid eruption, a modern version of Narcissus. Blixa, looking every bit the Byronic antihero, confronts a Butai-as-homunculus in the ruins.

The band logo, a man-as-cipher/symbol device that burns above them, has become an icon many might interpret as a neoswastika or devil worship sign. Its true function is that of Barthes' semiotic ghost, here, a reminder of the fragility of human life. "I think that in any kind of symbol there is still—even when you have no contact with the culture behind it, nobody left alive to tell you what it means—that the symbol should be possible, in its concentrated meaning, to get something out of it even though you are completely alienated from that culture. I believe that there is still some meaning in this symbol even though I can't find any stone age person alive to tell me that this is the truth."

Missing Foundation's logo of an upturned cocktail glass has become a hieroglyph in the mangled real estate margins of Manhattan's East Village, a focus to aim their agit-prop rhetoric at gentrifiers via grafitti slogans as telling as the Biblical warning "Mene, Mene, Tekel . . . " tagged by Jehovah on the walls of the palace for David to interpret. This is the only advertising for their sporadic events, hardcore happenings, that spray-paint announces will be at a certain intersection in Soho, an abandoned building, or in a park. Their performance is as much guerrilla theater as it is music, the most recent—in protest against the roundups of the homeless encamped in Tompkins Square Park—could only be described as a vest pocket pandemonium. A storefront behavioral sink was packed with thrash and the threat of mayhem throughout the twenty-minute explosion of crashing metal and incomprehensible verbal assaults from their leader and founder, Peter Missing (in ski mask, with megaphone). According to his latest wall scrawls, the message is no longer in doubt: "THE PARTY'S OVER". In Punk Eke terms, their place in the species chain is established by their volume, sheer energy, and aggression is much the same as the genes of larger animals become dominant traits in the gene pool. Which is also to say that their lineage is traced, once again, back to Germany, where Peter's encounter with Neubauten seeded their present development.

In *1/2 Mensch*, again, it is after "Der Tod ist ein Dandy" ("Death is a Dandy") where Blixa describes Death as " . . . a dandy/riding on his horse/his hands wrapped in bandages" and ends the song—speaking in English—"Bye, bye, This was made to end all parties, bye, bye . . ." that one becomes aware of just how predominant their phylum is. But which parties, political or social, is Blixa referring to? "Pun-play is a feature I favor quite, though I'm not doing it much in English. Like (the title song) 'Halber Mensch', which is another play with both meanings of the words."

The final video image, the most chilling and telling, is of the group out on the street—the natural milieu of their machines—playing an acoustic set in sort of Somnopolis, the art-deco nightmare from the comic book *Mister X*. Alex (Alexander Hacke, guitarist and supplemental sounds) on Spanish guitar and Blixa on a hand-held megaphone, with the rest pounding found metals, seems to shout for attention in a city that is intent on ignoring them, an idea propelled forth by a fish-eye lens overscreen of huge skyscrapers looming all about them as they fade out into an empty land-

Top: Missing Foundation, performance at Club 292, New York. Photo: Tom Bessoir. Bottom: Publicity photograph for Pussy Galore. Photo: Michael Lavine.

scape, a fantasy straight out of Robert Smithson. In his essay, "Entropy and the New Monuments," (*Artforum*, June 1966) Smithson uses a quote from Jorge Luis Borges story *The Immortal* that presages this image. " 'This City (I thought) is so horrible that its mere existence and perdurance, though in the midst of a secret desert, contaminates the past and future and in some way even jeopardizes the stars.' "This combination provides a subtext that reaches deep into racial consciousness while entrancing one with the accessibility of pop culture.

Their latest release, *Funf Auf Der Nach Oben Offenen Richterskala* ("Five on the Open-ended Richter Scale") on Some Bizzare/Relativity is something of a departure from the *Sturm und Drang* of the past, as well it should be. "I think people are getting fed up with this type of music. They've had too much of these kinds of bands, and what they've seen wasn't worth seeing. I don't think we are a very typical version of this type of music. I don't think we are very typical of this type of band. There's not much there that's very inspiring."

Starting off with a gallows march straight from the Black Sabbath fake book is "Zerstoerte Zelle" ("Destroyed Cell") that rises atop an adagio of strings punctuated by cries of "I am Prometheus" from Blixa. The question arises as to whether the cell is from the firebringer's liver eaten by eagles as a punishment from the gods or prison cell from which he has escaped. "It just developed around the pun-play of these double meanings. We found a particular bassline to go around these meanings and the rest of the idea was using a shopping cart and recording it all together in one room." When measured against the video performance, the most striking contrast is the use of the string overdub. "I don't know how that came about; I was sleeping when they did it. The band is organized—I'm afraid to say—around me; I write all the lyrics. Everybody is coming up with their own ideas as well, however. Unruh is the designer of all the instruments but nobody has any right to tell anyone else how the music should go. I think Anarcho-Syndicalist would be a pretty accurate description of how decisions get made."

The evolution of the Neubauten sound comes from a much more wholistic approach. The best example of this on the album is 'Zwoelfe Stadten" ("Twelve Cities"). "I consider it to be one of the best things I've ever written, even though I can't explain it. I'll tell you how I composed it: I went over to a friend's house at seven o'clock in the morning and he went out to buy some batteries and I just sat at his typewriter for about 15 minutes. I wouldn't call it trance writing or automatic writing; it just came to me like that. All the possible misunderstandings and all the possible understandings seem alright to me."

And that is the essence of what the post-industrialist rock musician addresses, all he can hope for as a result of his experiments: to add to the confusion and chaos that lead people to abstract thought and personal interaction with the world. Their degree of speciation—their isolation and apartness from the mainstream of radio-acceptable background muzak—places them squarely at the cladal point of departure, that epochal divergence from the whole. Whether they herald a newer, stronger hybrid of art or mark the extinction of their entire phylum is not in question. Considering that Bargeld's poetry (used and unused Neubauten tunes plus new material) will be published in book form next year, and that the Swedish National and Hamburg Ballets are both using Neubauten music for their latest productions, there is little doubt as to which genotype this race will inherit.

POLITICS OF NOISE

Patrick Money

Noise has become one of the surest measures of society's attitudes. Resistance within society is often made audible through music. And through the politics of the music industry, this resistance is invariably absorbed through its categorization and abstraction to the realm of the star system; the musician as stellar icon becomes the locus of desire, making the present situation of the consumer/worshipper vanish. These popstars join other media darlings from diverse walks of life, such as politics, television and film, to make up a new pantheon of gods. Seeing Madonna at a club, a typical reaction might be that this is another Madonna clone. She, as an individual, is as far removed from the Madonna-God as any of her fans. A public projection so massive cannot be contained by her fragile personal presence.

Between the icon and its consumer there is a resulting vacuum. In between the stars of the media constellation, gaps are opening which threaten the faith of the listener. Over the last ten years the weakening belief in the pop pantheon has allowed resistance to develop as scratch-mix dee-jays take the fixed entities, the pop personalities, and reconstruct their music after a personal vision. This vision reflects the political marginalization of the artists. The brutal cutting of the distinct records spells destruction as it represents the empowerment of the disenfranchised, letting its voice, its noise, be heard.

Recently this process has been taken a step further. The technology of sampling allows the operator of the sampling machine new possibilities of pop theft. No longer confined to the somewhat organic skill of the scratch dee-jay, who in fact plays records in much the same way a guitarist plays his instrument, the sampler can steal a sound off someone's record, and through repetition or changing its speed pitch, put it to work for him. The group MARRS has pioneered this movement with their UK number one single "Pump Up the Volume," which, aside from a bit of live guitar, is composed solely of samples and scratching. Suddenly, the record company strategy of identifying its artist as the "best," in order to differentiate one commodity from the others, is threatened. According to MARRS' Dave Dorrell, "If you sample a Phil Collins snare no one will know it's his. It's his ten years of experience at your fingertips. If anything, it's the dee-jays and samplers who are the new cult figures. Now the corporations which used to maintain the individual identity of the artist have to absorb the most advanced production technique of this decade."

Record companies are already having difficulty assimilating this new trend. Still locked into the earlier notions of copyright that they developed, it will be difficult for them to absorb this pop theft. And that's where sampling and scratching threaten the hegemony of the current music business. Record companies and their artists have launched lawsuit after lawsuit at the thieves of pop. LL Cool J is being sued for a scratched-in quote from Chuck Berry. The Beastie Boys got theirs for scratching Jimmy Castor into "Hold It, Now Hit It." And MARRS is broke after selling close to 500,000 copies, the money tied up in lawsuits. Needless to say, Dorrell doesn't appreciate this. "These Luddites. I can't remember them saying anything when the Rolling Stones ripped off the blues. You can sample anything, they've got to accept it. The whole hip-hop production line is as face-changing as punk. It's making music change and adapt." But after all, scratching has been around for the last ten years. Why all the litigation now? "Most hip-hop records are marginalized. We're an international number one. There is cash involved, and therefore power. The corporations in the States have realized that hip-hop is capable of massive sales. The Beasties sold four million."

Yet, unlike the brash, brattish Beastie Boys, with their twenty foot stage penis and caged strippers, what makes MARRS' success unique is its very facelessness. It offers up no sleek popstars to the public gaze. Its appeal comes from rumblings on the streets. The kids of the club culture and beyond consume one or two dozen imageless dance records a week. The visual is losing its power; for example, MTV is expected to lose 28 million this year. Society is now better understood by its sounds than by its language. But driving the current hip-hop scratch/sample sound underground, the system risks its own destruction. Unless the noise is appropriated and controlled, it may become a formidable subversion.

THE DEAD

Thomas Sellar

The Dead begins with a moment of contained frenzy, a moment not easily forgotten. A little like death perhaps.

The place is snowy Dublin during the holiday season. The time: The turn of the century. There is a party being thrown and the mood is festive. Yet, as is so often the case with festivities, there is an underside of tension and uncertainty.

"Lilly, the caretaker's daughter, was literally run off her feet," reads the first sentence of James Joyce's story "The Dead". Skepticism would be healthy here, since the word "literally" is a bit stretched. What can we assume this to mean? Coming from one of the masters of modern English language, we might take it to mean that the parameters of the normal scope of experience and emotion are to be eclipsed in the night that lies ahead.

"The Dead" has been made into a movie by the director John Huston after contemplating the project since it was suggested to him on the set of *Moby Dick* in 1956.

Huston, who was born in a Missouri town allegedly won by his grandfather in a poker game, is one of the great romantic personalities in the history of movies. *The Dead* was the encore to an illustrious career. Huston died last summer, four months before the movie's release.

In any instance in which the literary basis for a film is something as brilliant as Joyce's story, there is always the accompanying fear that it will be botched, since the only thing worse than a bad movie is a bad movie based on a great book. But Huston, in fact, makes an excellent film, perhaps aided by the story's cinematic narration, attention to detail, and Tony Huston's screenplay which stayed close to the original text. Unlike Huston's last adaptation of a great piece of literature, Malcolm Lowry's *Under the Volcano*, the events of the book reveal themselves externally in the form of words and actions, as opposed to internal machinations which make for much less successful adaptations.

The Dead has a lively cast of characters all bumping into one another, a sense of friction and impending combustion lurking beneath the cozy pleasantries of the party and the ensuing dinner. At the core of the story is Gabriel Conroy, played by the Irish actor Donal McCann. Gabriel is a pragmatist, an early purveyor of galoshes. He is an intellectual too, and spends much of the party sneaking nervous glances at his notes for the speech he is to present at dinner. He is the nephew of the hostesses, and it is his late arrival that has the two of them, Aunt Kate and Aunt Julia, in a mild panic, constantly running to the banister to peer downstairs and ask Lilly if he has arrived. The cause of their concern is the possibility of Freddy Malins, another perennial guest at their annual dinner dance, showing up drunk.

The title "The Dead," is an ironic one, for the vehicle through which the story addresses the dead is life. Dancing, music, discussion, and food all add to an ambience of lively festivity. It is to this that the presence of the past is contrasted and that the tenuous connections the living have to happiness are illuminated.

What Joyce does best as a writer is to render what is happening on the outside of a character in a way that suggests what is happening inside the character.

Huston duplicates this success in his movie. The characters' behavior speaks for what is in their hearts and minds, and they all speak for themselves. The viewer is never badgered into an opinion of a character by the direction of the screenplay. One of the greatest instances that demonstrates Huston's sensitivity to what Joyce was trying to create is in the midst of the dinner scene.

Leaving a table glowing with hues of a holiday meal, laid out lavishly but with great care, the camera leaves the room and travels upstairs, mimicking the movement of a guest who might have excused himself for the bathroom and gotten lost on the way. It finds the bedroom and pans very slowly and at close range over a number of personal objects. Embroidered aphorisms, old photographs of large bearded men in military uniform, a medal. These things give one the sense of the smallness of the lives of the Aunts (and all the characters), but it also captures their preciousness, their frailty, and the extent to which all humans cling to small familiar things which have great personal meaning.

When the evening is over the guests emerge from the warm, hearth-like house into the cold, snowy Irish night. A young man leaving remarks "it's so cold, I'd get married just to keep warm." Gabriel and his wife Gretta, played by Anjelica Huston (John Huston is the only man to have directed both a parent and a child in Academy Award winning roles) leave in a carriage to stay in their hotel.

In the carriage the true purpose of the story is suggested when Gretta becomes disturbed, an old memory evoked by a song she heard sung as they left the house. In the hotel room we find out that Gretta once was in love with a boy named Michael Furey who died after having waited for her outside her house in weather reminiscent of the kind gusting outside the hotel's windows. Gabriel is disturbed and hurt that his wife could have had such an intense emotional experience without him, in a part of her life he could never share. The intensity of Michael Furey's love seems, he thinks, to eclipse anything he (wearer of galoshes) could ever match.

Finally, the story (and film) end with Gabriel looking out the window at the snow that the newspapers say is falling over all of Ireland. Huston's camera fades to scenes of death. Shots of snow falling on graveyards, Irish hills, rivers. Each image fades into the next, the main continuity being the persistent fall of the snow and the slight distinction between the white earth and white night sky.

Joyce's last sentence reads, "His soul swooned slowly as he heard the snow falling faintly through the universe and faintly falling, like the descent of their last end, upon all the living and the dead."

Is this a reconciling look at the landscape (and therefore death, and past deaths, as an inevitable reality in life) or does its imagery portray human life as meaningless?

Joyce and Huston both give the audience the freedom to opt for either one.

Production photograph from ***The Dead,*** 1987. Photo: Francois Duhamel.

FAMILY VIEWING

Carol Rutter

"Independent filmmakers marginalize themselves, because the avant garde seems to exist on society's fringes. The avant garde cannot integrate itself fully into the social fabric, because then it defeats its purpose, which is to question and challenge values," says *Family Viewing* writer/director Atom Egoyan.

Until the recent Montreal New Cinema Festival, Egoyan's recognition was largely confined to the Canadian press. At the festival's close, *Paris, Texas* director Wim Wenders gave his first place prize money and honors for *Wings of Desire* to the second place Egoyan. With his unprecedented generosity, internationally acclaimed Wenders catapulted Egoyan to world wide status. Wenders obviously recognized Egoyan's ability to condense a kaleidoscope of ideas into an 86-minute format, for *Family Viewing* conveys concepts not messages.

Eighteen-year-old Van (Aidan Tierney) lives in a spacious condo with his father Stan (David Hemblin) and Stan's lover Sandra (Gabrielle Rose). Their place is sparingly furnished, except for many TVs, VCRs, a camera, lighting equipment and high-tech telephones.

Van cares for his grandmother, Armen (Selma Keklikian), at an overcrowded nursing home. Alert but mute, Armen watches TV and videos with Van. Aline (Arsinee Khanjian) visits her mother, occupying a bed beside her, and eventually develops a relationship with Van. The only conversation in this bleak, comatose place is between Aline and Van. Patients don't converse among themselves and nobody else visits.

Aline pays her nursing home bills by giving phone sex to disembodied voices at the other end. One client wants her to pose as his wife at an out-of-town convention. While Aline's gone, her mother swallows a fatal overdose of hoarded pills. Since Aline leaves no forwarding number, Van arranges for the funeral alone.

The rest of the story involves mistaken identities, unmarked tombstones, obsessive searches, poignant childhood memories and empty ritualized sex.

Although the plot develops coherently, *Family Viewing* transcends the literal. Egoyan manipulates disparities between sound and image as part of his figurative arsenal. Over a shot of Aline's mother sleeping, a video voice-over says, "laboratory experiments on monkeys have led to many conclusions about motherhood." As Aline's mother washes down her suicide pills, a nature show narrator talks about rigging polar bears with a tracking device so that scientists can pinpoint their exact location. "Here we see a dart, (Aline's mother swallows the first batch) with an immobilizing drug loaded into a rifle. This is then fired (swallow) into the unsuspecting bear."

Cut to Aline regretfully entering a hotel room with her telephone client. All sounds are replaced by an unnaturally loud slamming door and the thud of her client's coat thrown on the bed. Egoyan said that he and sound editor Steven Munro isolated these sounds, increased the volume and ran them backwards and out-of-synch.

These shots are also accompanied by the beeping one associates with heart monitor equipment, as Aline's mother lives out her final hours. Finally we hear a very long beep, over a TV test pattern. This sound is actually the one used to indicate an off-the-air station, but it sounds like the intensive care signal of a stopped heart. A few shots later, her mother's corpse lies on a morgue slab while Van and a pathologist discuss a possible inquest.

Van videotapes himself and a priest at the funeral so that Aline can watch it when she returns. Egoyan's dominant theme of technology's ability to trivialize is hideously depicted when Van shows Aline the tapes at a noisy video store. Not only are the tapes a poor quality black and white, but the framing shows Van from the shoulder down, so he constantly must bend to have his face included. Then Van tells Aline he couldn't get the sound to work. Instead, we hear piped-in Musak and video chatter over shots of a priest's moving lips and Van bobbing up and down while holding a wreath; his hand in the foreground adjusts focus and framing.

Family Viewing's visual form unsettles the viewer as much as its sound disjunctions. Egoyan purposefully utilizes image quality, with shots ranging from regular film and a high quality video-to-film transfer, to grainy, smudgy low-resolution video and many types in between.

The old home videos are drained of most color, and Aline's illicit hotel encounter is abstracted by an image reminiscent of bank surveillance cameras, as if these shots convey guilt and her interpretation of this liaison as a criminal act. By contrast, we see Aline shot by film at her phone sex job, talking to a client. She plays with an overhead chiming mobile, and we hear the chimes tinkle, Aline's voice and the off-camera murmurs of another phone sex worker. The overhead mobile suggests a baby in a crib, or Aline's innocence conflicting with the job in which she's apparently trapped. Egoyan's portrayal of Aline precludes viewer judgment about her occupation. Egoyan diffuses our possible morality through switches and contrasts.

Family Viewing characters exist in isolation, underscored by framing and composition. Van and Stan converse, positioned close together on a sofa, calling for both to be framed at once. Instead, Egoyan switches between them, communicating a psychological distance despite their physical proximity.

Egoyan's isolation/intimacy dichotomy is complexly conveyed by Stan's and Sandra's quasi-sexual encounters. The sexually vacant Sandra wears a black bra, garter belt and stockings, and lies limply on black leather sheets and pillow cases. Spotlights and camera pointing at the bed, plus a VCR and monitor (that shows everything as it happens) dominate the decor, suggesting the typical porno movie set. Sandra consults the monitor when fixing her hair.

Along with recording his sex over home movies of a happier past, Stan requires phone sex instructions—as if this combination is the only route to arousal. ("Do you know what I dream of doing to a man like you?" "What?") Between Sandra's pained expression and Stan's "going through the motions" approach, Egoyan de-eroticizes the scenes even more than the anatomy-class style porno movies, using extreme genital close-ups.

Emotional intimacy is disturbingly absent through Egoyan's distancing devices. In one sequence, Stan has his back to Sandra, while waiting for his phone sex call. "Can't we do it without her?" Sandra wonders. In another sequence, each is shot separately for a conversation, but Sandra is shot by high quality video, followed by Stan's reaction through the bedroom monitor, many generations removed in image quality.

The characters suffer such alienation that distraction plays a curious role. Sandra comes home to find Van watching TV in the dark. "Why do you watch TV with the lights off?" "It helps me to concentrate." Sandra pauses and says, "Why would you want to do that?" The receptionist at Aline's phone sex job asks why she never makes sex calls from home. Aline says she can concentrate better here. With his back to her as she cuts out paper dolls, he says, "It's better being distracted. Makes things less predictable."

As these examples illustrate, *Family Viewing*'s dialogue distills unusual concepts more often than it advances plot or enhances characterizations. Brief and often monotonously delivered lines, punctuated by long pauses, point to a style of direction unique to this film.

When Van announces he's moving out, Sandra asks, "What if you miss me?" Van answers, "I'll live with it. People live with all sorts of things."

At another point Van asks, "Are you a kept woman?" "I'm a lover," Sandra says. "Can't lovers be kept?" "Not against their will."

This exchange is particularly odd because Sandra's willingness to participate in Stan's rigid sex rituals is highly questionable. Sandra's collapsed posture and facial grimace communicate entrapment and victimization. Stan never appears to force her, but takes her for granted and is completely insensitive to her emotional depletion.

Stan doesn't seem to notice that Sandra is not a passionate, loving partner, but more frigid and lifeless than an inflated sex doll. In fact, emotion of any kind is confined to Stan's past, imprinted on home videos. Although these portray affectionate memories with Van, little bonding is indicated between Stan and Van's mother, as if Stan relates to women solely in terms of their domestic and sexual usefulness.

Egoyan claims *Family Viewing* is as much about emotion as it is about technology and trivialization. These characters exist in a hermetically sealed world, forever altered by technology and characterized by an exploitative attitude towards others. Emotions are either buried, self-serving, or confined to negative expression. *Family Viewing* is a thoughtful essay about existentialism, and modern technology's insidious ability to reduce, instead of enhance, the quality of our lives.

ARBEITEN AUF PAPIER

HERMANN ALBERT

MAURICE COCKRILL

MARIANNE EIGENHEER

MIC ENNEPER

LEIKO IKEMURA

JÜRGEN KLAUKE

ROLAND KÖHLER

RÜDIGER LAST

NINO LONGOBARDI

DIANA RATTRAY

THOMAS SCHINDLER

MICHAEL TOENGES

GALERIE UDO BUGDAHN

BENRATHER STRASSE 11

D-4000 DÜSSELDORF 1

TELEFON 0211/324301

RICHARD ARTSCHWAGER

DRAWINGS/9–31 JANUARY

LEO CASTELLI
420 WEST BROADWAY NEW YORK

Rainer Mang

Es erscheint ein Katalog

Galerie Fahnemann. 1000 Berlin 15, Fasanenstraße 61, Telefon 0 30/883 98 97 und 8812157

RUDOLF BONVIE

GALERIE WILMA TOLKSDORF
Rothenbaumchaussee 148 · 2000 Hamburg 13 · Tel. 040/45 63 96 Di—Fr 14—18, Sa 11—14 + nach Vereinbarung

KLAUS SOMMERFELD

KANA CONTEMPORARY ART · BERLIN
1000 Berlin 36 · Pfuelstraße 5 · Telefon 030/6123242 Öffnungszeiten Mi – So 15 – 19 Uhr u. n. V.

SPLASH

HORST

Karyn Monget

KARYN MONGET: Who published your first photograph?

HORST: Well, I was working for Le Corbusier in Paris when I met an art director from Condé Nast. He said, you ought to take some pictures for us, and I said I've never seen a camera—I don't know what you're talking about. I had never even seen *Vogue* before. He told me to go to the studio twice a week and assist on technical things and just take a picture. I thought, why not? They published the first photograph.

KM: What was your first subject?

H: A black suit of the early 1930s.

KM: Photography came naturally to you?

H: Well, I had to study, of course. But it was learning what to do with the pictures. I went to the Louvre and looked at all of the paintings to study the composition, how people would sit, hold their hands . . .

KM: Were your parents influential in your creative endeavors?

H: No. When I told my mother I was becoming a photographer, she said, "Come straight back home."

KM: She didn't think it was the proper thing to do?

H: My God, no.

KM: Your parents wanted you to become an architect?

H: Yes, anything I wanted, but not a photographer.

KM: I guess it was a time when photographers and designers did not enjoy celebrity status.

H: Exactly. It just wasn't done. The average little bourgeois from where I came from could be a baker, maybe, but not a photographer.

KM: When did you first decide photography would become your lifetime métier?

H: In 1931. And fortunately it was the right time because in Paris in the '30s you met all of these fascinating people. The painters, writers, dressmakers, and rich people were madly interested in each other and what they were doing. It doesn't exist here. They all keep each other separate. Chanel would call and say, "Why don't you come for dinner tonight?" We would go with Dali or Picasso, or we would go to a little café with Gertrude Stein. You know, nobody thought of money at that time. It wasn't the money, it was the life.

KM: That obviously was before marketing hype took over.

H: Yes, it was just to be able to do something.

KM: If you could return to any particular decade, would you choose the 1930s?

H: That's very difficult. I hated going to the army but once I was there I loved it. Not that I want to go back.

KM: The American army?

H: Yes. I was a sergeant. I had to photograph all the generals.

KM: I can't see you as a sergeant.

H: A drill sergeant no less. It was amazing. I was able to go to Paris and Washington. I was asked to big parties. The '50s was a period when I worked very much here, but I didn't like it very much. Already you're getting into the money-making business, advertising, and a sort of American elegance of the type that tried to imitate the elegance of the '30s.

KM: The 1950s have been called the glory days of the couture. Do you agree?

H: No. In the late '40s, the American dressmakers came along. That's what started the whole thing. In Paris, except for Dior, there was nothing.

KM: How would you describe your photographic style in terms of fashion?

H: When I think of fashion, it's the look of a woman who wears it. Chanel would talk a lot about this. She would say, "If a woman comes in and people say, what a marvelous dress! It's a terrible dress. If a woman comes in and people say, what a marvelous woman! She's well-dressed." Schiaparelli was doing the "shocking" thing at that time. She had Dali paint her dresses.

KM: Schiaparelli had a perfume called Shocking.

H: Sure, she started the whole thing. But Chanel was very shocking too, when she started out. She was the one who cut the skirts and took the corsets off the girls.

KM: Didn't you once tell me you gave Chanel a loden jacket as a gift?

H: No, I showed her. At one time *Vogue* asked me to make a sketch of a dress, an evening dress with a long skirt. I had a little jacket, a sort of Austrian jacket all in lace.

KM: This became Chanel's signature look.

H: That's right. And not only that, she invented all of the menswear looks, the English elegance for women who like sweaters and pullovers. She was the one who cut the hair.

KM: What did you admire most about her personality?

H: To me she couldn't have been nicer. When I first photographed her, she had a row with French *Vogue*. She wouldn't let anybody from *Vogue* come to her presentations. Then all of a sudden, she called me. So I photographed her. She called up after she saw the photograph and said "Well, it's a very nice photograph of the dress but it has nothing to do with me." I said, I don't know you, just your name. She said, "You come for dinner." So, I had dinner at the Ritz. Afterwards, she was lying down, as we talked, on this marvelous sofa she had. She said, "I will come again." And I said, you know very well I need that sofa for your portrait. She sent me the sofa and the background and turned up at the studio. The editor was an American girl, a very nice girl. Chanel had brought all of this gold and jewelry and it was laid out. This American girl looked through it, saying how marvelous it all was. Chanel said to her: "Use anything you like but leave us alone." She was so right. If you want to take somebody's photograph, you have to have a certain relation with them. It became her favorite photograph.

KM: Is it true Mademoiselle Chanel could be a witty bitch?

H: Oh, yes. She was a Leo. I'm a Leo too.

KM: So am I.

H: Then you know how that works. If you don't like something forget it.

KM: Did you ever have a rift with Condé Nast?

H: Sure. He threw me out. He looked at my photographs and knew a hell of a lot about photography. He said, "I suppose you think you are as good as Steichen?" I said, if I didn't think I would become as good, I would not do it. He said, "I've never heard such arrogance in my life. When our arrangement is over, you can leave." And I said, I'm leaving tomorrow. Goodbye Mr. Nast.

KM: When did you come to America?

H: In 1932. I didn't like New York at all. I was delighted to go back to Paris. I didn't know anyone in New York. I made $75 a week. It was all very social, you know. The most exciting thing was to go to 21. It was a speakeasy then.

KM: When did you start working for Condé Nast again?

H: When I went back to Paris. French *Vogue* liked me. Then, after a few years, I came back here. It was a damned nice contract.

Lyon

KM: What do you think is lacking today in fashion editorial?

H: Well, you see, it's all very simple. There's the shock treatment. I have nothing against that. You couldn't shock me if you tried. But I'd much rather have something that is adored and loved, with moods and romanticism. That's much more my stuff.

KM: Do you care what others think of your photography?

H: Well, I'm delighted if somebody likes it. But one of my favorite stories is of Mr. Nast, who said to me, "Who do you think you are? If you can't make a photograph of this dirty ashtray that's good enough to hang in the Metropolitan Museum, you're not a photographer." Now *that's* what I like.

KM: What was your first camera?

H: We all had to use 8 × 10 cameras, but it was Cartier-Bresson who had a Leika. It took marvelous pictures and I wanted one too but *Vogue* said no.

KM: What camera do you like to work with in the studio today?

H: 2¼. There's Hasselblad, Roleiflex, and a little one too for certain things.

KM: And on location?

H: That's another funny one. In the 1960s, when Diana Vreeland got onto the magazine, she wanted me to photograph people's houses, you know, people in their houses. The first one I did was Consuelo Vanderbilt. Now the funny thing was, I didn't know anything about this type of photography. This Diana Vreeland took a lot of chances.

KM: What's the most outrageous assignment Vreeland ever gave you?

H: Well, I don't know if it was outrageous but they all were rather peculiar. One day she said, "You go to Germany and photograph Christmas in Germany." I said, what are you talking about? And she replied, "You know what I mean, splendor!" She meant baroque palaces, churches, and all of that stuff. So for a month or two, that's all I did, and she made 26 pages of it.

KM: Do you prefer to work in color or black and white?

H: Black and white. We had long arguments about color with people like Bérard. When you think of it, how many real painters are good colorists? Are there any? Gauguin was a good colorist. You see, there's something people call reality. It's their idea. It comes from God knows where. It's the way they were brought up. It's a personal reality.

KM: Whom do you respect as a contemporary today in fashion photography.

H: There's somebody called Guy Bourdin in Paris who I think is very good. I like people who have their own way of doing things instead of being directed by the advertising business. Of course, two people I liked very much in the old days were Louisa Wolf — she was marvelous — and Avedon, when he started out. Unbelievable.

KM: What was your first impression of Paris?

H: Well, I was scared, naturally. And, at the start, the French people were not very nice to me.

KM: What about Gertrude Stein? You were obviously good friends with her.

H: What about her?

KM: Were you well acquainted with her salon of friends?

H: No, no.

KM: Did you ever work on any special projects with Christian Bérard?

H: No.

KM: You were just good friends?

H: Exactly.

KM: I couldn't help but notice all of the Bérard illustrations in your home.

H: Oh, yes. I got him the job on *Vogue* when he was just doing their portraits and had nothing else to do. He was living in a very small little hotel. French *Vogue* asked me to ask him if he could make some sketches for them. It was so funny because after a few months he said, "I never got paid. All I got were bits of paper." He didn't know about checks. So I took him to the bank and he cashed them.

KM: Were you and Picasso good friends?

H: No, because he had a girlfriend who was a photographer.

KM: And Cocteau? How did you meet and what was your first impression?

H: That's very tricky. I'm not sure exactly how we met. When you start to know all of these people, one through the other . . . sitting around the little Café de Flore. At that time it was very quiet and cozy. Nobody wanted to go to the big, noisy cafés. You know, Picasso and all of those people moved there.

KM: But what was your first impression of Jean Cocteau?

H: Oh, it was a bore. He had a little room in a hotel somewhere and was always lying in bed, always sick, always saying what a bore it was. My dear, you thought you would stay there for 20 minutes but you stayed there the whole night long. When he started talking you thought you would never get out of the joint again. The last time I took him for dinner, I went to his place and he said, "Oh, no I can't." Well, he did turn up, and again until 2 o'clock everybody was under the table and he still kept talking.

KM: You don't have any photographs around your home except for the one of Katharine Hepburn. Why?

H: I don't know. I have the photograph of Hepburn because she liked it so much. The paintings I have are a personal relation, they mean something to me.

KM: I notice you've taken photos of Paloma Picasso.

H: Yes, she's so nice. I like Paloma very much. She had a tough time too. If you are young and have a tough time and survive, it's far better than being spoiled. I had a tough time. Unbelievable. There was the First World War and the Depression. Nobody had any money and there was no food. We went out into the forest to collect some weeds. That was dinner.

KM: Looking back, what still remains an inspiration and motivation for you today?

H: Nature. The more I have discovered the world, the more I have found it stimulating. It's very strange when you go on trips for the first time. I went to Greece and on the same afternoon I arrived I went to the Acropolis and cried. How do you know these things? There are certain countries that leave me cold. I went to Russia. I was interested in it but it was too big. In Paris I feel at home. It has to do with where you come from. The part of Germany I come from is very romantic. It's the more cultural and intellectual part of Germany. Bach came from there, and Wagner.

KM: What do you value most?

H: I love music, classical music. And also songs of the '20s and '30s, you know the Cole Porter tunes. And the White Russian refugees in Paris. Without them I never would have made it.

KM: Why is it so many people are interested in the 1930s again?

H: It's a surprise to me too. It's the same now in England. All of the young people are interested in the Thirties. Obviously there's something that happened then that's not happening now.

mean-ing (mē′ning), *n.* [See *mean*[1].] Intention or purpose (archaic: as, "I am no honest man if there be any good *meaning* towards you," Shakspere's "King Lear," i. 2. 190); also, that which is intended to be, or actually is, expressed or indicated; signification; import; sense; significance.—

***Titled (Art as Idea as Idea)*, 1967,** photostat, 48 × 48 in.

KOSUTH

Thomas Beller + Margaret Sundell

In 1969, at the age of 24, Joseph Kosuth proclaimed the death of modern painting in his groundbreaking essay, "Art after philosophy." Translated into eleven languages, the essay anticipated the conceptual art movement in which Joseph Kosuth was to play a leading role. Kosuth's work has dealt consistently with the relationship between art and language, with art's function as discourse, and with the way in which that discourse both informs and is informed by the culture that surrounds it.

Kosuth's studio, an appendage at one end of a loft, has no paint cans in it. There are several drafting tables, a desk, bookshelves brimming with books on art, history, philosophy. High on a shelf is a dust-encrusted grey paint can with several paint brushes sticking out, frozen. It has that Pompeiish quality of caught-in-the-act artifact. Across the front, black lettering spells out a word: "DEAD."

Joseph, what's up with the can?

Another residue of the activity. This got left behind—put aside—in my studio after I finished my last painting. I stuck the brushes back in the can and they dried out that way. After twenty some odd years they now look petrified. Of course, at the time I didn't *know* it would be my last painting.

When was that?

Late 1964. I found it a year or two later and added the word "dead" on it—meaning painting was dead. It's also an obvious reference to Jasper Johns' Savarin can.

When you did that were you swearing off painting for yourself and in general?

Certainly. It was my belief that painting had been dried up, used up. If you begin with the assumption that artists make meaning, as I did, then the agenda is to find a context which permits the construction of new meaning. This also assumes the necessity of a critique, a space which is oppositional to the form of authority. Tradition in the form of painting has been the representation of authority in art for some time, and it still is. It's what the market is happiest with. There is a whole art-historical-market complex which plays a very conservative role against the more radical (creative) concerns of practice that artists have. Before any artist makes a mark, the institution and tradition of painting speaks first and limits what our conception of the nature of art can be. Warhol's silkscreens were a direct critique of the heroic auristic "masterpieces" of the Abstract Expressionists. Didn't matter. To the extent that they were "paintings"—even a marginal parody—the market was able to accomodate itself. To appreciate the importance of Andy's work *qua* art is to understand their arbitrariness as paintings. Schnabel's cynicism has shown us, ironically, how sincere Andy was. This, certainly, isn't the only concern of present practice—maybe not even a major concern—but when

× ××××What seems to be constructed here (when you can see the surface) makes an order from the parts not yet read and the locations not yet seen.

***Cathexis 43*, 1982,** altered photograph, 51 1/2 × 119 1/2 in.

it isn't made accountable somehow in the work it tends to mask the lack of a critical understanding which is basic to any work which is relevant now.

Along the lines of the market dictating content, it seems that artists become discovered for doing certain things, creating certain images, and then they tend to repeat that image and exhaust it because the public won't accept change or a development.

Yes, exactly. I wrote about this once in *Art in America*, their "Picasso" issue. They asked various artists what they thought of Picasso. This was after I had answered similar inquiries from *The New York Times*. I seemed to be the only one around willing to badmouth Pablo Picasso. All I can say is: poor Picasso, poor Van Gogh. At least Ad Reinhardt knew you had to *begin* with an "empty" painting to keep the art "full." Pablo and Vincent have had the process reversed . . they learned how to make invisible art, colorfully. But we don't have to go back that far. Product identification has become the functional replacement for "style"—which represents an irrelevant, outdated conceptual apparatus for approaching artworks anyway. Here is the heavy hand of the market again. The age where "style" is relevant passes (because a morphological—formalist—basis for the representation of the development of ideas doesn't work) but there still is the need for identification of images for the purpose of consolidating power. Because it's the system, we are all obliged to do it in various ways—and to a lesser or greater extent. Ideas deal with a certain complexity, subtlety, and thereby, richness, which demands a level of participation which is difficult to expect in today's art world. So those artists who somehow get known *without* being a traditional painter or sculptor are *at least* expected to always do the same thing so they can be identified. In other words: create their *own* institutionalization—replacing the one of painting—so, depending on who you are, you make boxes, use fluorescent lights, put things on the floor, you find new things to do with stripes, or put words on the wall. As though language, and art, were as simple as that. Unless artists continually rethink their situation they lose having one. Whatever those activities meant twenty years ago, it's certain that they can't mean the same now. If artists aren't responsible for the meaning that they make, who is? Culture produces the consciousness which makes the world, political responsibility begins with us.

Your work is very much about the relations between relations, between art and language for example. It is a rebellion against the notion that art equals painting and vice versa. After this rejection of painting on your part—and on the part of the art world at large throughout the late sixties and most of the seventies when minimalism and conceptual art got a lot of attention—were you dismayed at the resurgence of the status of "THE painting" in the early eighties?

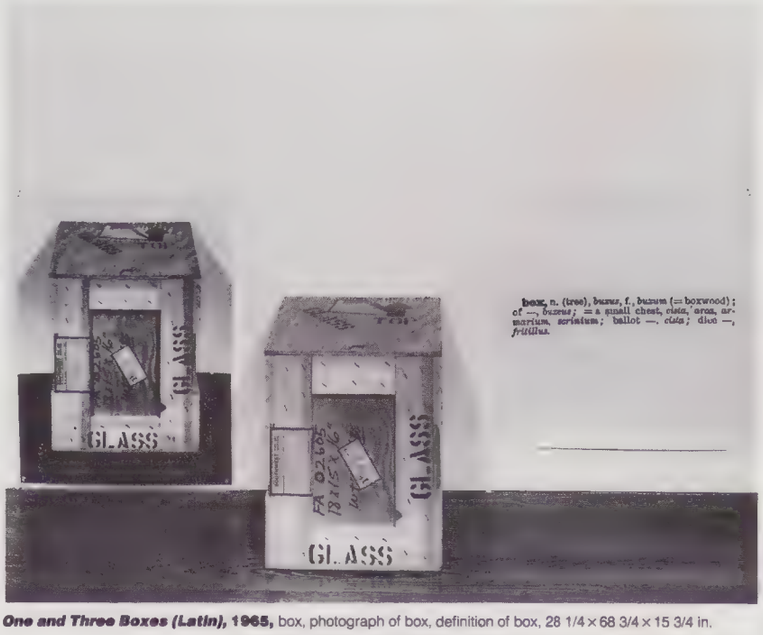
Well, yes and no. Yes, because we all want to be loved and all of a sudden I became the Anti-Christ. I represented what younger artists *didn't* want to do. In retrospect I feel good about it, sort of like having been a member of the Resistance. But "Trans-Avant-Barbarism" had a chilling effect on most artists I knew—not just their work but how they saw themselves. But on the other hand it was a negative which had a positive effect. It speeded up the entropic spin-down and devaluation of painting and its auristic, heroic value system. These values depend on "authenticity." What much of this work did was to incorporate "cues" which cited those values—taken from authentic work done at a time when such values were believed—and construct apparently "new" work with this old, highly commodifiable aura. Actually much of it was the culture of fascism at its sentimental worst. In the end it has undermined and deflated the power of these classic values that historically authentic painting once had. Schnabel and Chia are finishing my critique of painting for me better than I could ever do.

When you say "finishing my critique" do you mean "finishing my argument?"

Yes. That idea of heroic painting. Those problems I mentioned don't go away, but yes, Peter Nagy or Barbara Kruger I suppose could be called painters and, yes, one could say in some sense we share an agenda. Like Warhol it's interesting in spite of—or regardless of—the fact it's painting. As work it stands *against* the bankrupt values of Lupertz or Schnabel. They've found a way to work which doesn't cite those values, as has, for example, Gerhardt Richter. *This* list of artists is getting longer, I'm gratified to say.

Since the time that Neo-Expression has come and, we can safely say now, gone, a conceptual art movement loosely titled Neo-Geo has sprung up. Are you happy with the way some of your ideas from twenty years ago are being built upon and extended by this group?

It's a curious sensation. I have been fighting for a certain body of ideas for twenty-some years. They haven't been popular, mostly they've been tolerated as representing a kind of lunatic fringe on the edge of the *serious* business of painting. As art becomes more and more the expensive end of entertainment it's been difficult to keep the complexity of the issues in the discourse. That's on one hand. And on the other there is a kind of circle of basically academic intellectuals who use art as grist for their mill, but are outside of actual practice. And the art they support seems to be a client-system supper club. I feel an outsider to both. But getting back to your question, didn't someone once say that flattery is dangerous? I'm naturally gratified to see, as I said, a lot of new work which is concerned—even to this extent—with some of the issues I've been working with. The danger is whether it will in the end be reduced to being used as a kind of "personal style" for the production of masterpieces or whether it will


box, n. (tree), buxus, f., buxum (= boxwood); of —, buxeus; = a small chest, cista, arca, armarium, scrinium; ballot —, cista; dice —, fritillus.
GLASS
GLASS
GLASS

***One and Three Boxes (Latin),* 1965,** box, photograph of box, definition of box, 28 1/4 × 68 3/4 × 15 3/4 in.

***Self-Described and Self-Defined,* 1965,** neon and glass tubing, 4 × 98 × 2 in.

SELF-DESCRIBED AND SELF-DEFINED

remain part of a shared questioning *process*. Anyway, if one's issues get made decorative, you can only find another strategy and start again.

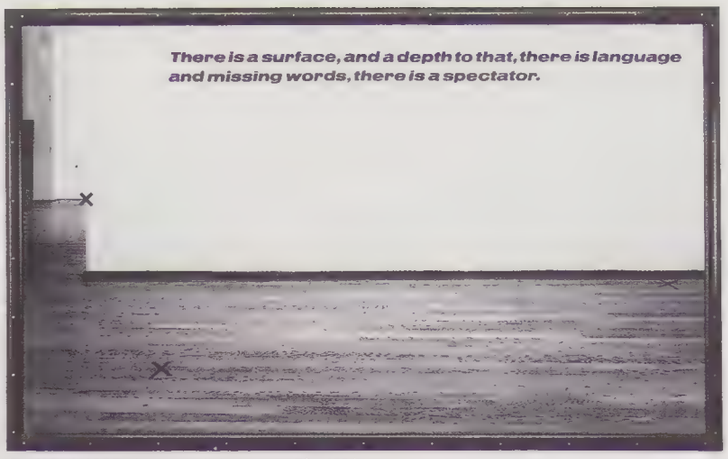
But I've been supportive of many of the younger artists because I saw much of this work as initiating the re-assertion of the artists in making the meaning of the art context. During "Neo-Expressionism" it was the market. And obviously it still is, in the sense it will always be part of our system: cultural engagement is expressed in economic terms as it is socially experienced. But the artists have begun to assert some control over the conversation. And it is the *nature* of some of this new work which makes it possible. This generation is not afraid of ideas. The previous generation could only quote each other's prices, not books. This generation quotes both, but *that's* an improvement!

Will you mention some of the people in the Neo-Geo movement whom you like?

Well, remember we really are talking about a kind of, uh, cultural conversation. I'm supporting a situation. Some years ago I felt supportive of the Metro Pictures group, strongly, considering what was being showed elsewhere, but when it came to endorsing a specific artist in that group—at the beginning—it was very problematic. Artists should be seen more like philosophers and not the designers of washers and dryers. It's a process and a long one, hopefully, and so if some kid twenty-three has his second show I don't really think it's very productive to go "thumbs up, thumbs down" as though it's a new products exposition. Art is not a job, it's a productive reflection on the world, it's philosophical, essentially, so the statement is less in the object or proposition of art and more in an on-going relationship with a set of problems that are historically defined and culturally located in or by those works. I think from the artist's point of view, the work is really the relations *between* works, and then the relation of that process to the world.

Once the notion that painting need not equal art and vice versa was accepted and digested by the art viewing public, the look of minimal and conceptual art became more familiar. In your art particularly, it is the idea that qualifies it as art. It is the concept. Yet it seems that the public has become more aesthetically acclimated to the look of conceptual art and has come to appreciate it on the very aesthetic terms that you were trying to deny. It seems that your art has mirrored that transition by becoming much more lookable and generally pretty. It is becoming more and more physically attractive.

At the beginning there were certain strategies open to us that have obviously changed. There was a climate in the '60s in which rupture and criticism was an expected positive in the society, so the conditions were there to bring it into art. The art world was much smaller, and not yet such a big business. The structures were looser, less bureaucratic, less institutional-



***Fort! Da!*, 1985,** duratrans photo process, 72 × 120 in.

***Ninth Investigation = Proposition 1*, 1972,** nine notebooks of printed material on display for reading and nine statements displayed on cardboard mounts. Installation view.

***Titled (Art as Idea as Idea)*, 1967,** photostat, 48 × 48 in.

ized and there was a greater feeling individuals had a say in effecting those structures. The tightening-up since, of course, reflects the sort of invidious lessening of our cultural (and thereby political) freedom, and it has necessitated in art that one attempt to do work which maintains the maximum critical presence without crossing that line which puts you outside of that conversation where one has effect. If you want some idea of that map, see where the really big bucks are going for art, and where they aren't. And then see why.

As for the other part of your question, concerning my more recent work, I was forced to reevaluate my responsibilities in protecting those values I've fought for all this time. Again, that period of reaction, "Neo-Expressionism" or whatever you want to call it, made me reassess how my work could be a more effective presence. I felt what was needed was a positive alternative to what was happening, and that had to happen in the work.

You condemn work that is decorative and yet accomodate, at least partially, its necessity. Hopefully there is no contradiction . . .

No, hopefully there *is* one. First, I should say that "decorative" means to embellish architecture or something else that is functional. In other words, its function is a mindless non-essential adornment and it is supplemental to the real operation of a thing. My work is not decorative, what's there is essential and used. On the other hand strategies in art necessitate contradiction, it's one way of presenting complexity without illustrating. For example, to illustrate: You are standing on one side of the autostrada in Italy and your friend, who just went to make a phone call, is on the other side. He realizes that there is something he forgot to ask you, but because of the traffic it's hard for you to hear him. So what he does is he yells out the message in several different ways, maybe even using hand signals. There is no one message in art, the understanding is in the overlaps.

Art, I believe, reflects the deeper structure of language—those "relations between the relations." Otherwise what you make is the simple statement, which is, in fact, the idea of the masterpiece. Such a static depiction shows not the humanly made process, but really reflects the image of power. A world constructed is a world vulnerable to manipulation. There are not intrinsic meanings in an object or image, the meaning is always in relationship to society, in relation to what preceded it with what it is sharing, and in relation to what follows. It is in the series. We have one word, maybe this one, flowing to the next and then to the next, and we have a sentence and then another one and then, always this sentence, and the next one and this paragraph and the one that followed which became this text which is part of several conversations that make up that discourse and this one . . . Our thinking is a process, as is our art, and that is how we should see it.

Clothing

1
Agnés B.

2
Alley Cappillino
Pink Flamingo
Rappongi LA

3
Christian Dior
Kenneth Cole
Rappongi LA

4
Christian Dior

5
Agnés B.
John Rocha
Kenneth Cole
Rappongi LA

6
Guiliano Fujiwara
Marcos Alexander
Rappongi LA

7
Christian Presenza
Agnés B.
Tokio Kamagai
Rappongi LA

8
Agnés B.

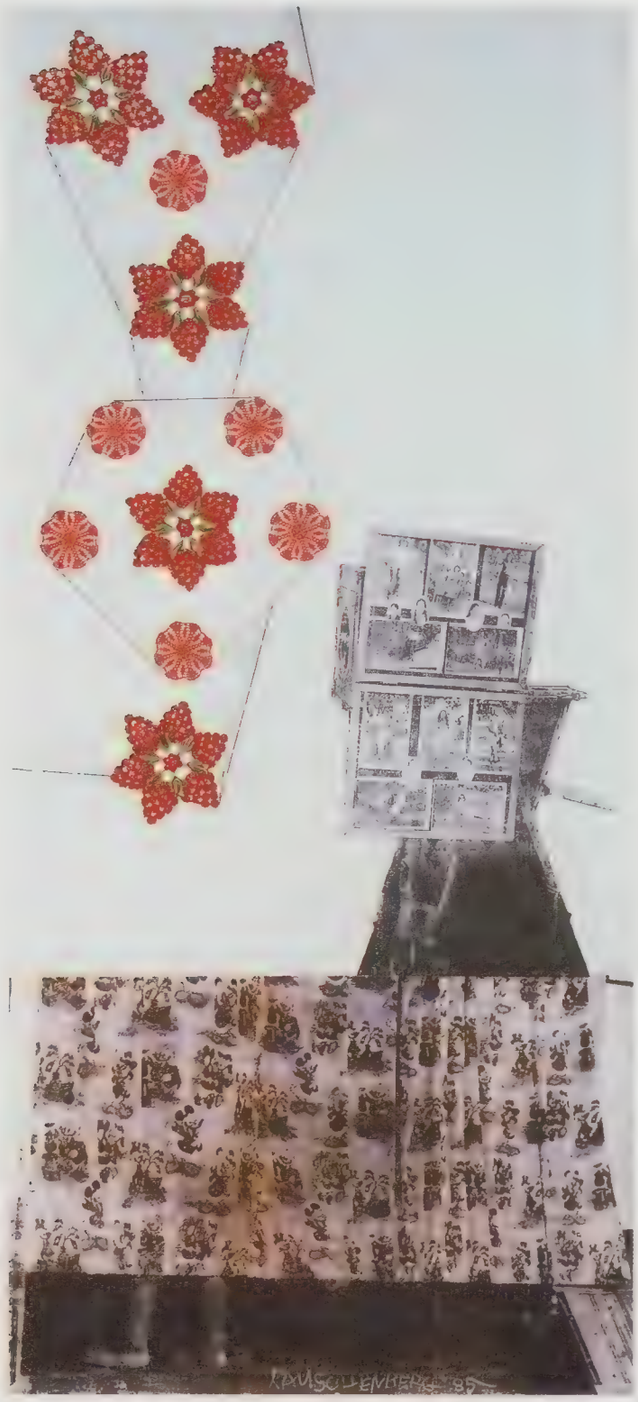
9
John Rocha
Rappongi LA

10
Agnés B.

Photography — Glen Erler
Styling — Lauren Landau for Celestine Cloutier
Makeup — Agostina for Celestine Cloutier
Hair — Brion Cavanaugh for Celestine Cloutier
Photo Assistant — Heino Heimann
Models — Sarah Egolf — It a model management company
Anthony Carrey — Nouveau Models

***Armadillo—R.O.C.I. Tibet*, 1985,** copper, aluminum and steel construction, 24 1/2 × 31 × 17 3/4 in

RAUSCHENBERG'S ROCI
L. D. Black



***Park*—R.O.C.I. Mexico, 1985,** acrylic, collage and pencil on canvas, 114×51 3/8 in.

***Saints Anonymous—R.O.C.I. Venezuela*, 1985,** acrylic on wooden panel, 49 1/2 × 98 5/8 in.

On a visit to China in 1982 Robert Rauschenberg underwent a sort of epiphany. He confronted the limits of communication when he realized the isolation of the Chinese people; their ignorance of things outside referred not only to the world but to the provinces around their own. So negligible was the possibility of travel for them that the influx of information was all but denied. For most Occidentals such mandatory provincialism is unthinkable; if information cannot be trusted it can nevertheless be pursued. Yet even in the West, despite the comparative urbanity that the media effect, xenophobia persists in so many guises that one may cast a cynical glance at human nature itself, for where the Chinese people suffer ignorance under repression, Occidentals suffer ignorance under their own cultural snobbery.

Rauschenberg however is not a cynic. If cultural misapprehension exists perhaps it is not entirely owing to an inflexible us and them attitude. Misapprehension is also the fault of language. And if art is the one tangible that approaches a collective language, art is the vehicle, ideally, for effective cross-cultural intelligence. Rauschenberg set out on an ambitious mission of *rapprochement* when, in 1985, he organized the Rauschenberg Overseas Cultural Interchange. It would seem to be nothing less than one of the most visionary projects of the decade: a colossal cultural traveling show in which Rauschenberg is the central player and for which his lavish goodwill is the catalyst.

The R.O.C.I. Tour is, loosely, a kind of elevated picaresque. But in addition to collecting stories as it travels country to country, it gathers the cultural signatures of each land it visits in the form of new works of art that celebrate the particular integrity of the locale. These come together as a magnificent assemblage before traveling *en bloc* to other

Next page: ***Caryatid Cavalcade I—R.O.C.I. Chile*, 1985,** acrylic on canvas in five panels, 138 1/2 × 260 3/4 in. (Detail)

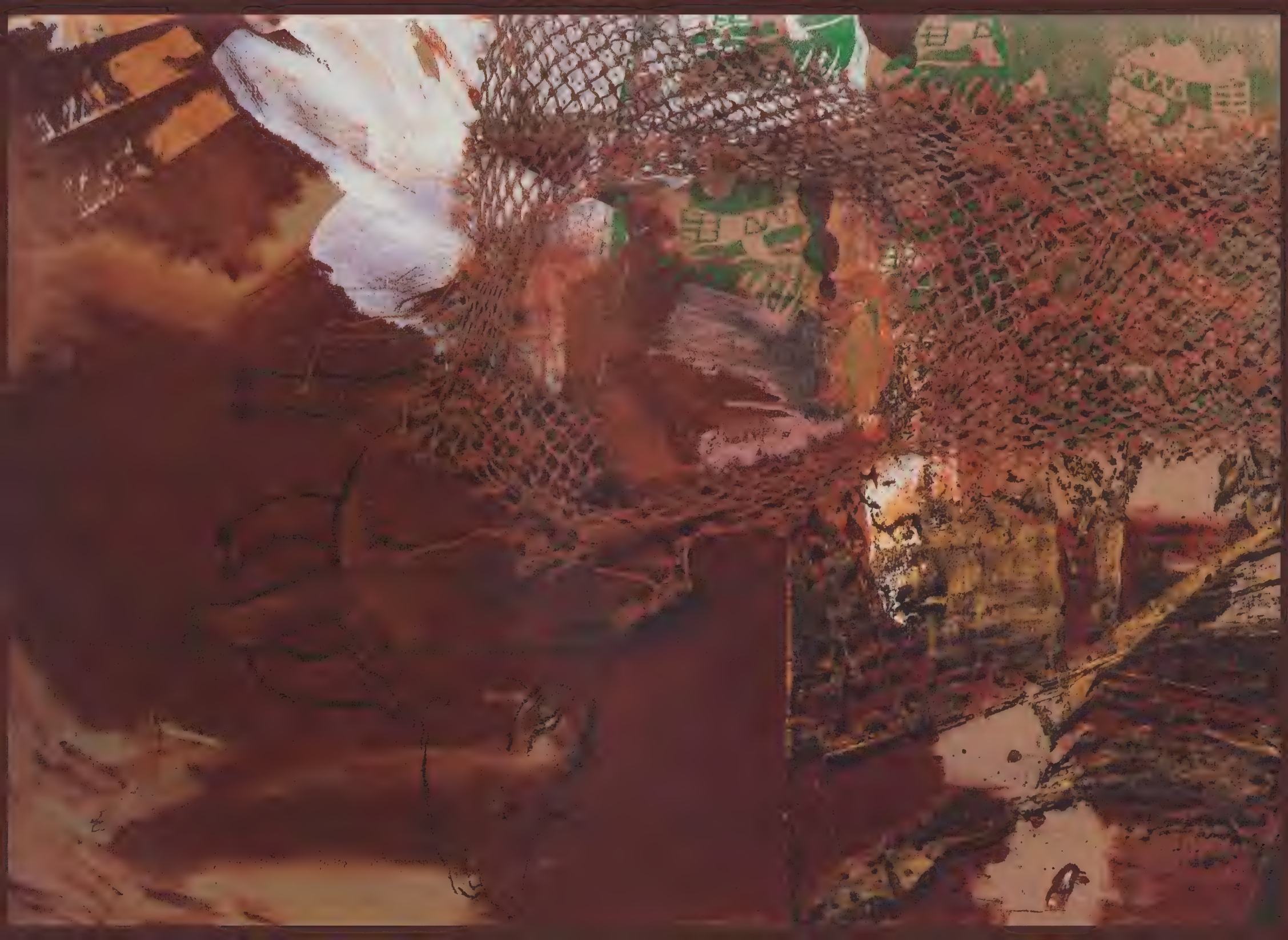
***Taki-No-Ko—R.O.C.I. Japan*, 1984,** acrylic and collage on raw linen, 74 1/2×81 1/2 in.

places. It would not be in the spirit of this venture to praise too greatly the artist who creates the work: while these are all Rauschenberg creations, one would suspect that he sees himself as the medium through which the *genius loci* materializes, in order that it may speak to a universal audience.

It has often been said that Rauschenberg is among the least egocentric artists that the century has produced. While others have set aside the studio as sanctuary, Rauschenberg has always looked outside the studio, indeed outside himself, for the elements of his art. Not only are his materials often the objects found in streets and junkyards, his inspiration belongs to the "secular" world as well. There is something of the child in Rauschenberg, something of the innocent in his wonderment at all things. His enthusiasm is zealous, ingenuous, inspired by simplicity.

The R.O.C.I. Tour is in itself a pilgrimage, but not with a self-seeking objective. It might even be argued that "objective," that is, destination, is an inappropriate word, for in these last years of the 1980s, Rauschenberg has become the quintessential wanderer, caring less for the consummation of his experiences than for the experience itself, the power of the moment and its possibilities. When the Tour is completed, the best will be past. Artworks remain forever, but peace has proven ephemeral. If Rauschenberg's gesture were symbolic, as one Japanese writer said in 1986, then art alone would suffice. But it is an *action*, well-meaning and expansive in a world divided; it reverberates, and in doing so, art does *not* suffice of itself, for Rauschenberg never meant to make monuments for peace. His intention is peace; not abstraction, not symbol, not even art. And such intentions are never static and never stone.

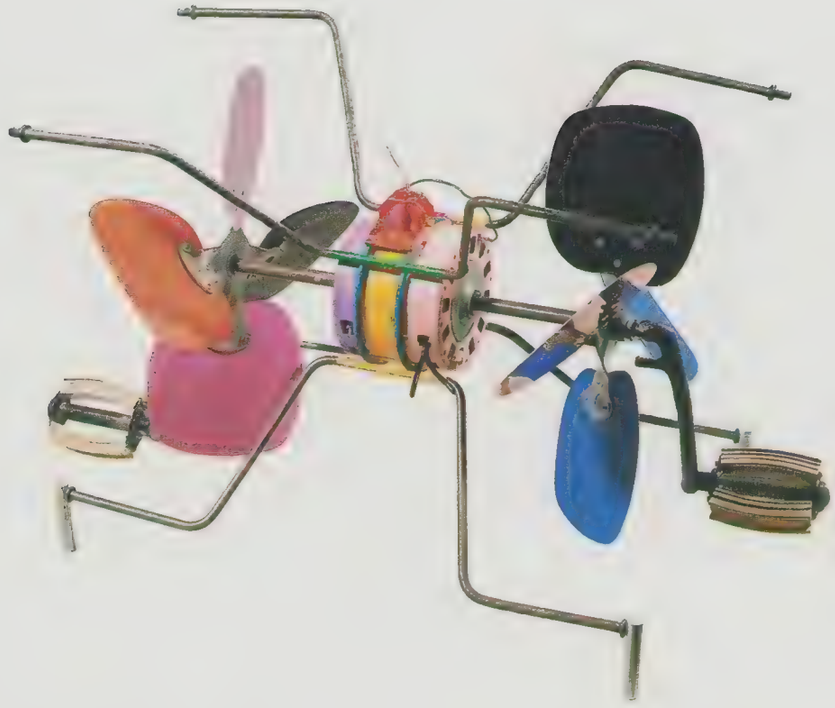
***Copperhead-Bite IV—R.O.C.I. Chile*, 1985,** acrylic with corrosives and polishes on copper sheet sealed in lacquer, 96 7/8 × 51 1/4 in.



Rauschenberg has always been attracted to collaboration, especially with artists in diverse fields. Merce Cunningham, John Cage, Trisha Brown, William Burroughs, Laurie Anderson have been among his consociates. The creation of art, he maintains, is rewarding as a shared experience, and hence his involvement in multi-media productions has been considerable. His inclinations are expansive, clearly as artist but also as activist. He has always been sensitive to injustices and to the misfortunes that have befallen others. In 1970, for example, he cofounded the nonprofit organization Change, Inc., which has been successful in allocating emergency aid for artists. He has also participated, along with James Rosenquist and Rubin Gorewitz, in the artists rights campaign nationwide. At a time when art has become so much a commercial engagement, or a self-indulgent one at the least, Rauschenberg remains one of the few who probes art for its altruistic potentialities.

Previous page: ***Onoto Snare—R.O.C.I. Venezuela*, 1985,** acrylic and collage on canvas, 69 3/4 × 78 3/8 in. (Detail)

Considering his nature it is not incongruous that Rauschenberg would take on the world in an act of global collaboration. Yet, while it is characteristic, one is curious nonetheless as to what compelled Rauschenberg to devote upwards of five years to a mission that can only be carried out, as planned, against all odds. Although he commenced the R.O.C.I. Tour by virtue of his own resources, the scale of the expedition is such that millions of dollars will be necessary to keep it in motion. Originally he intended to visit at least 22 countries and execute well over two hundred works. Financial concerns are but one possible deterrent. Political issues are another, as he travels to what he calls "sensitive spots," areas such as China and the Middle East that are not as accessible or politically amicable as Western Europe. But most of all one considers



the toll this will take on Rauschenberg personally. The five year journey will be grueling—although he would likely be the first to say that for whatever energy he expends he'll be replenished doubly. It would seem that what compels Rauschenberg after all is his belief in the individual. He dismisses the collectivization of people as "a cowardly fantasy." Rauschenberg is actually doing a kind of fieldwork whereby the one to one involvement—and all that this implies in terms of communication and collaboration—renders a trust and familiarity that invalidates the suspicion with which disparate cultures look upon each other. A moment of true insight can eclipse centuries of misunderstanding, while even the best art is by definition enigmatic and aloof.

But this is not to underemphasize the art. At least art has the option of neutrality: blend on canvas or in sculpture what is far harder to blend ideologically. Each work uses images or handicrafts indigenous to the culture. Rauschenberg creates several works in each place and leaves at least one behind when the Tour moves on. But it is not as a gift, or even a commemorative. Rather, it is to serve as a token of faith.

By showing that the intensity of creation is the most basic energy in the world, Rauschenberg has a distinct advantage over other dignitaries as a communicative voice. He has set out to testify that world peace is not the responsibility of ideologues. Understanding and tolerance must be professed not only in the vocabulary of individuals, but imprinted in all their actions and indelible in the effects of those actions. Art may be the only action that is truly to be shared: for while art everywhere has an inviolate uniqueness that comments on the culture from which it arose, the tools of art are similar and the spirit of creativity is the same.

***Twin Bloom—R.O.C.I. Tibet*, 1985,** mixed media construction, 17 × 28 1/2 × 14 in

TANGO

PHOTOGRAPHS BENY STEINER

SHAWL DEBRA + MOISES
SUIT COMME DES GARCONS

DRESS + SUIT COMME DES GARÇONS

SUIT MANNKIN BY LOUIS HO

STYLING LESLIE LAMBERT MAKEUP SIEGFRIED HAIR CHRISTOPHER FOR BRUNO LE SALON MODELS STEPHAN + MORRISON

DRESS PINK FLAMINGOS HAT ANDREW WILKIE/VICTOIRE ACCESSORIES

In between naughty thoughts and what goes on in closets stands filmmaker John Waters, who defies the laws of protocol.

JUDITH BLOCKER: What have you been up to since your last film, Polyester*?*
JOHN WATERS: I wrote a book, *Crackpot*, and have done magazine articles for *Vogue*, *Playboy*, *National Lampoon*, *Esquire*, *American Film* and *Rolling Stone*. I've also done some acting. I was in *Something Wild*. I tried to do a sequel to *Pink Flamingos* called *Flamingos Forever* but nobody would give me any money. Producers would say, put in a hot, young girl who lives with Divine.
JB: Why was Crackpot *dedicated to your casting director, Pat Moran?*
JW: Actually, *Shock Value* was supposed to be dedicated to her but they accidentally left the page out. She's been my closest friend. We grew up and have worked together for years.
JB: Bret Ellis gave you a blurb on the book. Do you know each other?
JW: We've only met a couple of times. I liked his book, *Less Than Zero*, and thought it was this generation's *Last Exit to Brooklyn*. It was a shocking book that the kids love to read.
JB: What do you think of the whole literary "brat pack" scene and the way they're packaged?
JW: I only know of it. I read Tama Janowitz's *Slaves of New York* and liked it too. However, I think some of that marketing they'll live to regret. Look at some of the press they're getting. It's backlashing against them, which I don't think is their fault. Whoever marketed them in that way (the paperback style) was brilliant. They sold a lot of books and it works. But, any author who usually has an excellent first book, the second is horrid.
JB: Does that apply to most popular artistic endeavors?
JW: Right after *Pink Flamingos*, it was hard. The one I did next was the favorite of all my old films, *Female Trouble*. Now, it's a lot of people's favorite. But when it came out it didn't do as well as *Pink Flamingos*.
JB: Did you attempt to out-do Pink*?*
JW: Not as far as shock. It (*Female Trouble*) was a little more complicated movie. Not as black-and-white as two sides fighting each other. You can't second guess or calculate it. That will never work.
JB: So you just created your next script without worry of expectations?
JW: Oh, I worried. I worry about everything.
JB: How do make the trashiest films known to screen and write for a glamor magazine like Vogue *in the same lifetime?*
JW: It's perfect! The ultimate irony, and that's what I've always tried to achieve. Irony is my favorite thing. It's in my work. My films have always done best in the classiest art theaters and the worst in exploitation houses. They're exploitation for arty people! *[Lights a cigarette.]*

***Female Trouble*, 1975,** film still.

JB: Don't you hate the term "art"?
JW: I don't hate the term when someone else refers to your work as art but *I HATE* it when you ask someone what they do and they say "I'm an artist." *Are you?*
JB: Have you seen the yellow car stickers that say "baby on board" or "artist on board"?
JW: If I saw one that said "artist on board," I'd ram them.
JB: Aren't you still enjoying the limelight of all your previous works? Your audiences have expanded from midnight cult fans to black-tie sophisticates at art gallery showings.
JW: The films do keep playing and that's pleasing. You have to have faith in the American public's sense of humor. I think that they have one, and it has veered toward mine in the last ten years. People now seem able to laugh at everything that's terrible. I think they're also not as uptight about laughing at themselves.
JB: So, you don't think that you're becoming less outrageous?
JW: Obviously at 40 I don't have the anger that I had at 20, which I think is healthy. I think to be angry at 40 is embarrassing. I don't want to do another *Pink Flamingos* but I'm proud and glad that I did it!
JB: Who do you think is your biggest audience?
JW: The baby boomers are still my biggest audience but now I'm getting their kids! The movies still manage to make people nervous, no matter what age.
JB: What's Europe's reaction?
JW: In Europe they read politics into every movie I ever made. Politics weren't in my mind when I wrote them but if you want to read it that way, you certainly can.
JB: Does one political review stand out?
JW: There was one review on *Pink Flamingos*; Divine's side was communism and the Marble side was capitalism. It was a good review. If you took that premise, it was a well-written review, although it sort of amazed me.
JB: Don't many interpretations make for a good work of art?
JW: It's never wrong. It's up to the viewer. It's what they get out of it.
JB: What European film festival do you like to attend?
JW: The Berlin festival I love. It's a lot of fun and my films are well-received there—that always helps. The Deauville festival is the most glamorous, and I think Cannes is fun but it's hard work. You're so tired from working all day, it's hard to be social.
JB: Don't you like promoting your movies in Japan because they pay you to interview?
JW: YES!
JB: How are you paid?
JW: The first day it was $500.00 and the second day it was a camera. You get paid on how famous you are. Think of what Elizabeth Taylor got! Nancy Reagan got in trouble when she took the earrings, but

***Polyester*, 1981,** film still.

JOHN WATERS

Judith Blocker

you have to take it or they're insulted. I think it's great.

JB: Maybe if you relocate, Japan will produce Flamingos Forever.

JW: No I couldn't. They're too nice, it's almost sadistic. You have to do everything they want.

JB: You seem to be pretty happy with New Line since you joined up with them back in the '70s.

JW: Joined? Sounds like the army.

JB: Well, you signed a contract didn't you?

JW: *[Smirks and lights a cigarette.]* In the very beginning they were a small, arty distributor. I'd been reading *Variety* since I was 12 and always liked the kind of films they distribute. I sent them *Multiple Maniacs* and they wrote back saying, come when you have something a little more polished. So I sent them *Pink Flamingos* and they liked it a lot — "Come to New York, but don't bring your friends," they wrote back. They must have thought we were like that! Now New Line distributes all of them. I kept with them and they produced *Polyester* and my new film, *Hairspray*. I know everyone and their families. It turned into a big corporation with public stock. I thought it was nice to grow with the company. They've been behind me. It's one phone call. I have a lecture agent from them. They sell video and worldwide rights. It's one company that does everything for me yet they still listen to me too. It all sounds so terribly joy-filled.

JB: Isn't video one of your 101 hates?

JW: I'm a hypocrite. Most of my films are on video and even though I prefer going to the movies, video has gotten my films to many little towns with one theater that will never play my movies. So, it has gotten me a new audience. Although in real little towns, if they only have two video shops, they don't carry my videos, either. Or they put them in the Adult section and nobody wants to jerk off to them. Sometimes they go in Foreign *[laughs]*. They don't want to put them out so some unsuspecting family takes home *Pink Flamingos*.

JB: Haven't you always suffered through censorship? You commented before that various scenes have always been cut from your movies, but never the "shit eating" at the end of Pink Flamingos.

JW: Yeah, that says a lot about American contemporary standards. You can't have sex but you can eat dog shit.

JB: Can we have a sneak preview of Hairspray*?*

JW: *Hairspray* takes place in '60s Baltimore and is about one of the local dance shows that are still all over America. The kids go on them, and back then you could get really famous . . . the dancers got fan mail. *Hairspray* is about these kids that couldn't decide whether to dance their life away—you know, gimmick dances like the roach, mash potato, the bug, there are 26 different dance numbers—or throwing caution to the wind and joining the fight for integration. So, maybe it's a civil rights comedy. *[Thinks a minute]*. You have to get people to laugh to think about any subject.

JB: What does Divine play?

JW: Two roles . . . a hillbilly stage mother and a segregation leader, a man. Debby Harry is in it and plays the richest woman in East Baltimore. Her husband is Sonny Bono. The R & B singer Ruth Brown is in it, and Pia Zadora and Mick O'Casey have cameos as beatniks.

JB: Are any of the old cast from Dreamland going to be in it?

JW: Oh sure, the ones that are still around. (Water's close friend, David Lochary, and Edith Massey have both passed on.) A lot of new kids are in it. It's a satire on two of the most dreaded genres, the teen flick and the message movie. It's got a lot of real teenagers in it, a lot of . . .

JB: Uh, "real teenagers?"

JW: I hate these movies about teenagers, yet the actors are really about 40! You know, a lot of white-out under their eyes. My leading teenager is Ricki Lake who I think is real good. She plays Divine's daughter. She's a fat girl that gets on the show. I went all over the country reading fat girls.

JB: You said previously that a good cast must have looks that "jolt." Do Debby Harry, Sony Bono and Pia Zadora jolt you?

JW: Certainly, the way we made them look. I told Debby it wasn't a glamorous part. It's hard to look glamorous in the outfits and hairdos. Giant hairdos. Yes, their looks jolt, but in a good way. I just don't want to make movies where everybody looks good. *[Shrugs shoulders]*. Why go to movies, then? I hope, with *Hairspray*, that teased hair will come back. Hair is the only way left to get on parents' nerves. People are used to Mohawks. But if you saw a giant beehive on your daughter, it would make you upset again.

JB: Do you feel that your characters are like those in the works of Diane Arbus?

JW: She's been a huge influence on me. Two of her photographs, particularly; the kid holding the hand grenade—that's how I felt as a kid—and the shot of a woman with big teased hair. Sort of a Liz Taylor look-alike with her husband holding a kid that kind of looks retarded. That was the basis of Divine's character in *Female Trouble*. Debby Harry wears the exact same hairdo of another woman in a photograph who is holding a poodle with a giant braid and this teased blond hair. Diane Arbus has been a very big influence . . . and Howdy Doody, the two of them together.

JB: You mean you participated in traditional childhood play like watching Howdy Doody? I thought your formative years centered around creating make-believe car crashes and longing for hurricanes.

JW: Howdy Doody was my first obsession.

Hairspray, production photograph.

In fact, I just read a great historical book on the show, written by its producer's son called *Say Kids, What Time Is It?* I watched it everyday and even became a puppeteer at kids' birthday parties because of it. I look back on it and see that the Chief Thunder chicken has my mustache. I never realized that. If you really look at the show, Clarabell looks much like Divine, shaved back hair and eyebrows that go way up. Parents accused him (Clarabell) of being a psychotic clown. I never knew all this until I read the book. The book was like going to a psychiatrist. It contained all the memories that had become subliminal, but I see them in my films constantly. It was also my first introduction to show business.

JB: How is that?

JW: My parents took me to New York to be on the show. I was disillusioned when I first saw the set. The stage was three feet long and all the lights and cameras were around it. I started to like it more when I realized it wasn't what I thought it was. That it was a lie. I actually loved the fakeness of it.

JB: Doesn't your hometown of Baltimore also play a big part in your idea scrapbook for films?

JW: Yeah, but I get them from everywhere. To get ideas, you have to be nosy, a voyeur. I can go sit in McDonald's and look at anybody and think, "Gee, I wonder if her children like her. Gee, I wonder if she has good sex." I wonder what her problems are and then I think up characters. You see things everywhere, but you have to go out a lot. Baltimore is where I write and make the movies, so it's where I work.

JB: Hairspray *was your first multi-million budget production. What were the changes in having 2.2 million dollars more than* Polyester*?*

JW: There were two main differences that made me realize we had the money. One day it rained and an assistant handed me a plastic poncho still in the package, and I thought, "We do have more money!" We also had espresso in the editing room.

JB: What about union and music rights? Was that a new headache?

JW: It was a nightmare because I had 27 songs and they're expensive, but I had a good music supervisor. I was worried about working with SAG but it also turned out OK because we had the money to do it. We also got special deals in Maryland under the Affirmative Action law because we cast so many black people.

JB: Then you were correct in describing it as a civil rights movie!

JW: Yeah, it sure is!

JB: How much was the budget for your first film, Hag in a Black Leather Jacket*?*

JW: Nothing. Mona (a girlfriend who was in the move) worked in a photo supply store and stole the film and the developing, too. It wasn't even a print. What came out of the camera was the movie. No editing. I showed it once in a beatnik coffee shop. It was 8mm black and white.

JB: Were you pleased with it?

JW: Yeah, the showing was crowded but I thought the movie was terrible.

JB: Your first movie was terrible?

JW: Well yes, I don't even think I watched it the night of the showing.

JB: How old were you?

JW: I was 17.

JB: Not only did you teach yourself filmmaking, but you were also very clever with marketing and attracting full houses to your first small productions. How did you learn promotion?

JW: It's a game and I was always interested in it. I would sit in school and draw ads for the most horrible films that played. I loved movie ads. I also read the press, which has always been very nice to me. I don't take myself seriously. I think that's how you get bad press. Or feel that you don't need to talk to them anymore. Why are you in show business if you don't want to be in the paper? That's the point!

JB: How about Divine? What's she been up to during your filmmaking hiatus?

JW: Well, Divine's a *he* not a *she*.

JB: Sorry, I slipped.

JW: She never dresses up as a woman except in a movie. He certainly doesn't sit around in her apartment in a girdle.

JB: Well, what's he *been up to?*

JW: He's in Europe a lot with a night club act that he tours with. He also did Alan Rudolph's *Trouble in Mind* and Paul Bartel's *Lust in the Dust*. He does a lot of stage shows. He works all the time. He comes down to Baltimore for a vacation, just to relax.

JB: Do you go see his act in Europe?

JW: Oh sure, I've seen it.

JB: Is it in the vein of his drag character of Pink Flamingos?

JW: Yes, he plays the old Divine character, plus he has hit records in Europe. In fact, he even has a gold record.

JB: Does he have a good voice?

JW: No, it's a novelty. Songs like *Born to be Cheap*. He's not Barbra Streisand.

JB: Does he write the songs?

JW: No.

JB: Was the original Divine character created through your movies?

JW: Yes, it came through the movies. He was never the Divine character in real life. I've known him since we were kids. He started out playing small parts in my movies and sort of clawed his way to the top. His original character of *Mondo Trasho* and *Pink Flamingos* is a combination of a Disney villain and Russ Meyer woman speaking John Waters lines. It's an image that his fans love to see and he likes it too, but he's done it. In *Polyester*, he played the victim for the first time and not at all Divinish.

JB: What about in Hairspray*?*

JW: Nor in *Hairspray*, either. He's a sympathetic character, not a lunatic.

JB: How does that character suit him? Does he prefer it?

JW: I think it's more of a challenge for

Above: ***Desperate Living,*** film still.

Right: ***Female Trouble,* 1975,** film still.

him. He can be "the Divine character" in a second on cue. I also think that he likes playing the man's part as well.

JB: Was Polyester *an attempt to revive one of your favorite director's movie style with audience gimmicks?*

JW: Yes, William Castle. There's a whole chapter in *Crackpot* about him and I tour the country talking about his films. I even did a talk at a film festival about how you have to have a gimmick. We showed clips from his films and even got the skeletons and shook the seats and threw rubber bugs on the audience. I wish we could bring that kind of movie back.

JB: Was Odorama successful for you?

JW: It was expensive, that was the problem. The scratch and sniff cards started out at 20 cents each and now they're 70 cents. It was a success. People talked about it. People kept the cards. You can't get the card for video so people will still go to see it in a theater to get the Odorama experience.

JB: The experience had me gagging by the time I sniffed gasoline.

JW: You should have smelled the warehouse where we stored millions of them. All at once . . . it was a weird smell of all of them together. The truck drivers flipped out and said they didn't want to deliver them because they smelled so bad.

JB: What's their formula?

JW: The 3-M Company had a library of smell, and I knew about them from a gas bill that you scratched and if you smelled gas you had a leak in your home. 3-M was very straight so we couldn't say that we wanted a "fart" so we said "rotten eggs" or "fish" and mixed them together. When the movie came out the company was fine.

JB: Would you make another gimmick movie?

JW: No, I think casting is your best gimmick. I did it once. It was another joke in a series of jokes. I'm not saying *never* but I don't think I want to do it again.

JB: What four elements do you think constitute a good movie?

JW: Script, character, costume and technical in that order.

JB: If it weren't for movies, do you think you'd be a criminal?

JW: Or a criminal lawyer, and I would hope a criminal lawyer.

JB: How did your movies become part of the social reform at Patuxent Prison in Maryland?

JW: It was done through the state, and I had never gone to school so I was surprised when they said that I had so much life experience, it was equivalent to a master's degree! I felt like the scarecrow when he gets the brain in *The Wizard of Oz*.

JB: What was the class curriculum?

JW: I showed them all my films and other films, too, like *Fat City*, *Wise Blood*, even *Streetcar Named Desire*. We made our own videos. Everyone was supportive of the idea. It's a psychiatric prison and they go for that kind of thing. I don't think I was bad for them. I told them, don't murder someone, draw it! Make a movie about it! I got as much out of it as they did. I need to be in prison once a week.

JB: Do you think the people that you visit in prison could re-enter society?

JW: The people I visit in jail, I would trust in my own house. Murderers make the best parole risk statistically. A murderer who has no previous record, then one day murders someone, has the best chance of not returning to jail. It's a passion or mental thing. Not a career criminal. They don't interest me. I'm drawn to crimes that are much harder to explain. I'm not sure that I understand it myself.

JB: You've mentioned before that watching a trial intrigues you.

JW: That's the theater of going to trial which is very different than knowing the people. If I don't know the people involved, to watch good lawyers fight in court is incredible theater. It's like watching a good debate.

JB: What about the trials where you know the people?

JW: I'm not a violent person and my friends aren't either. Just one night something terrible happened. No matter what you've done, after ten years in jail, saying you're sorry doesn't mean anything.

JB: What trials are of current interest?

JW: I still go to McMartin because I don't know who did it. I don't think we'll ever know. There are only two left and on all the rest the charges have been dropped. And if they didn't do it, they should be plenty pissed. They were the most hated people in America for about a year. [*Lights a cigarette.*] I had lunch with them.

JB: Will you be attending Ramirez's (Night Stalker) trial in Los Angeles?

JW: Yes, I'm waiting for it to start.

JB: What's this new obsession you have over Don Knotts and wanting to do his life story?

JW: I used to love, on the old *Steve Allen Show*, when Don Knotts would be on and Steve would go, "Are you nervous?" and he'd say, "Oh, nooo, no, noooh, I'm not nervous." I also like him on *Andy Griffith*. I love that kind of stuff. I love Walt Disney movies. I love bad, wholesome stuff. Recently, I like it even more.

JB: How do you foresee your Don Knotts story?

JW: Oh, I don't know, but Mick Jagger should play him. He looks exactly like him. Put each one's picture next to the other and see for yourself! I don't know much of Don Knotts' personal life. I just like the fact that there is a Don Knotts—it puts me in a good mood.

JB: Back in the '60s you shunned the hippie love and peace movement. How do you assess the '80s?

JW: The '80s are very much like the '50s, very conservative. When I tour colleges, now the kids want to know how to make money. It's a fair question, one they never used to ask. Money in the '60s was uncool.

JB: Back then you said that you weren't interested in sitting in the mud with ille-

Above: ***Hairspray,*** production photograph.

Left: ***Desperate Living,*** film still.

gitimate kids at Woodstock. Can you sit in outdoor cafés with Yuppies who hate cigarettes?

JW: If you're in the movie business, you can't escape it. I'll tell you, in the '80s I'd rather be sitting with Yuppies than hippies that are 40 years old wearing Earth shoes!

JB: Well, admit to this, then: You stated that when the chicken died during the infamous sex scene in Pink Flamingos *you gave it an honorable death, preferable over the chicken farm, and that the cast ate it for dinner as not to waste the animal. Who was the hippie that knew how to prepare the chicken?*

JW: Danny, who played Crackers. He cooked it! You know, we were into aspects of the times but not the whole peace and love thing. I made *Multiple Maniacs* then that glorified violence. I like mean hippies. I wanted to be in the Weathermen. Berny Dohrn was my idol, not Joan Baez! I liked the Yippies.

JB: Did you participate in any radical events?

JW: There were great parties that I went to a lot. You could travel across state lines and set fires. It was fun! Sort of a war going on.

JB: Lately, didn't the Baltimore mayor proclaim February 7th as John Waters Day? Is that your birthday?

JW: That was only one year. It doesn't recur. The Baltimore Museum of Art gave me a three day film retrospective with a black-tie opening. The mayor proclaimed it John Waters Day and wrote up a whole proclamation, but I didn't know anything about it until 10:00 pm that night. If I had known, I would have walked around with the Imperial Margarine crown on my head, or *something*.

JB: It must have pleased your parents.

JW: Oh it did, but it also made them angry. People would come up to my mother and say, you must be so proud of him, and those were the same people ten years ago who told her she must be so ashamed over the same movie.

JB: Your picture with your parents in Shock Value *looks pretty conservative.*

JW: Oh yeah, they are. The Italians made a documentary on me four or five years ago and my parents were in it a lot. I'd be standing offstage and hear my mother's booming voice talking about me like I was dead. I wanted to set up our dining room and re-enact some of the fights we used to have.

JB: Did your parents go for it?

JW: Hardly.

JB: Why not? You're a success now.

JW: But so are they. In their own field.

JB: Did you like the documentary?

JW: It's too hard to watch a documentary on yourself.

JB: Like you're dead?

JW: Yeah, which is a good feeling.

JB: You seem to be such a cheery person, the perfect talk show host. Yet, you're associated with what most people find the dark side of society.

JW: Yeah, but the dark side is what people like to talk about. I'm interested in things that everyone is interested in, but doesn't have the nerve to admit to.

JB: Do you have any interests that aren't associated with your filmmaking and writing?

JW: I think every interest I have ends up involved in that because I can write about anything that I want to. I mean, I'm not a secret stamp collector. I don't collect out-of-town license plates or anything.

JB: What do you do to relax?

JW: I go to jail.

Hairspray, Production photograph

***Polyester*, 1981,** film still.

EX LIBRIS

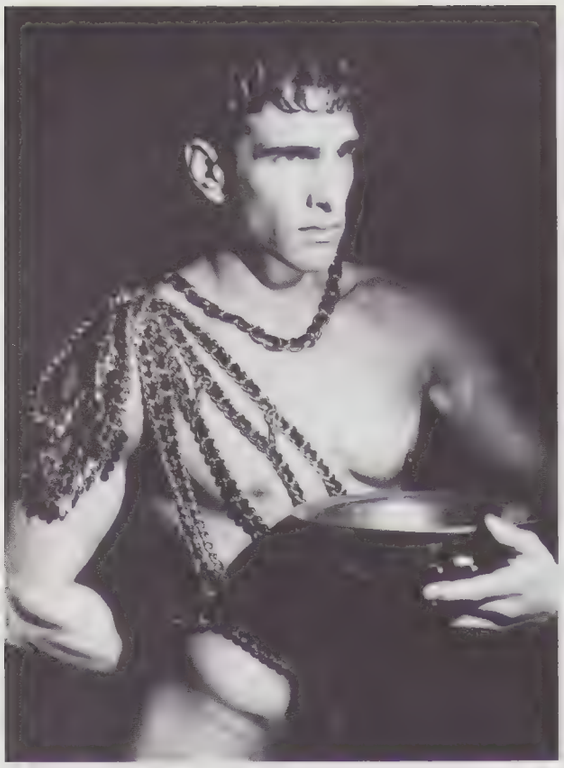
Really, if the lower orders don't set us a good example, what on earth is the use of them?

I dont want to talk grammar. I want to talk like a lady.

We went out half-way through the cabaret performance, after a young man in a spangled crinoline and jewelled breast-caps had painfully but successfully executed three splits.

It was not long after that that everybody was twenty-six. It became the period of being twenty-six. During the next two or three years all the young men were twenty-six years old. It was the right age apparently for that time and place.

His date kept saying to him, 'How horrible . . . Don't, darling. Please, don't. Not here.' Imagine giving somebody a feel and telling them about a guy committing suicide at the same time! They killed me.



Think twice before you bring that up against a man. I know what *you* did, and the shrine you did it in. You made the very he-goats look askance. The Nymphs are tolerant: they only laughed.

Bike movies are made for all these children of vague 'hill' stock who grow up absurd in the West and Southwest . . .

PHOTOGRAPHY BART EVERLY
STYLING LILI ABIR
HAIR CARINO
MAKEUP CHERYL MARKS FOR ORIBE

Quotes:
1. Oscar Wilde, *The Importance of Being Earnest.*
2. George Bernard Shaw, *Pygmalion.*
3. Christopher Isherwood, *Goodbye to Berlin.*
4. Gertrude Stein, *The Autobiography of Alice B. Toklas.*
5. J.D. Salinger, *The Catcher in the Rye.*
6. Virgil, *The Pastoral Poems.*
7. Joan Didion, *The White Album.*

1 Suit Matsuda Shirt Comme de Garçons Shoes John Moore Walking Stick Judy Blame Model Joey Arias
2 Dress Dianne B Hat Sayoko Miyagima for Dianne B Shirt and pants Matsuda Models Marina & Fetisch
3 Hat and blouse Rachael Auburn Dark hat Philippe Model Jacket Jodean
Models Kenny Kenny, makeup by Kenny Kenny Susanne Bartsch, makeup by Levente
4 Suit Comme des Garçons Shoes Ozone Community For Union Grand/Patricia Field Model Steven Lovesit
5 All clothing Gaultier Models Michele/Women Robert/Men East
6 Jewelry Eric Beamon Model David Burns
7 Jacket Gaultier Model David Burns

valse triste

Photography Lara Rossignol
Styling Arianne Phillips Creative Workforce
Models Naomi Elite Anita Click
Hair Tony Lucha for Oribe
Makeup Mark Nahmias for Lisa Schiffman

Clothing
Gaultier
Angel Estrada
Leslie Samuel

Dancewear
Capezio

Headpiece
Kokin

Earrings
Fragments

Ring
Herve van der Stratten

Opine

ART AND THE SCHIZOPHRENIC

Patricia Ruocchio

The gift of art is a treasure for all and particularly for those who may not have any other way to express themselves or who may have secrets so deep that they can only be expressed through a creative medium. Many people who are mentally ill are unable to communicate with the real world except through some sort of creative endeavor. Many write poetry, keep journals, or do art work. Often writing or art is a part of the therapy that helps them get in touch with feelings that may be troubling them and causing symptoms.

Creativity is a natural part of anyone's life, but even more so for someone with a mental illness, particularly schizophrenia. To begin with, creativity is the essence of the illness in that the mind creates its own sense of reality which may or may not correlate to the rest of the world. Hallucinations and delusions are actually a part of the schizophrenic's thought processes translated into the form of voices or bizarre visual distortions. They represent his capacity to move from one realm of sensory perception into another. Many create these unrealities in reaction to something in the real world that is too painful to face directly.

Schizophrenics are artists by definition if not by inclination. Normal screening processes are often absent and it is only through the overtime action of the creative imagination, which imposes real or unreal order, that the schizophrenic can exist with his own mind. Schizophrenia is the art of perception, a special perception through which the schizophrenic can contribute to the creative world when he can get his unruly senses under control.

When I first became ill, I used a journal as someone to talk to when my best friend or my therapist at school could not be available for me. I entitled my journal "There and Back Again" as I was reading *The Hobbit* at the time. Little did I know that I was to go there but never to return. I wrote in my journal constantly, as my mind was barraged by thoughts and eerie sensations all day long. The world took on sublime color and grotesqueness as stark trees rose like monsters against a sky that was a frighteningly bright azure blue. I felt I was inside an invisible box and as I walked from one wall to the other, they gradually came together until I was trapped in one spot, unable to move.

My writing was my salvation but later became my curse as I grew more and more introspective. As it had been, I could only talk to a friend of mine who had been my high school teacher, but when she started to refuse my constant collect calls, I had only my journal and the world inside my head. I truly had taken on the solitude that so many artists feel as they are consumed by the process of creativity.

In my journal I created a world in which only I existed. It was covered by a glass dome which was the sky tinted an opaque brown. There was a wall that marked the outer boundaries, but when I was most ill, it was so far away as to be indistinguishable from the landscape. I saw only the black trees with incredible forces inside them, and swirling gusts of wind constantly turning the world into turmoil. There were eight dimensions, intense feelings or thoughts that I could not handle, which hurled me into this world. I felt only pain and terror, but it was a pain and terror I had created and thus preferable to that which I found in the real world.

Since I had created the world, I was a kind of godlike figure, both The Creator and The Sufferer. I envisioned myself like the Christian God in the sense of being split as into a trinity, but there were only two halves, probably indicative of the "split brain" and the ambivalence of the schizophrenic.

People asked me why I would choose to be part of such a world when reality was not nearly as bad as the terror I felt in my world. But to me the real world had been that terrifying, full of childhood abuse and the feeling that everyone was an enemy. Reality went on like a giant clock in which I was a gear just one notch off, never able to fit in, always living amongst foreigners and feeling that I had come from another planet. I had no way to accommodate my eccentricities in the real world, but at least as The Creator of my world, I had some form of control.

I once said that my world was the greatest artistic creation of my life. It had gone through reality and beyond. Mine was a world that few could approach and none could enter. By being both The Creator and The Sufferer, I had managed to fuse pleasure, pain, and terror. Like most schizophrenics, I had to use artistry to constantly rebuild coping mechanisms to deal with the onslaught of unscreened stimuli from both the real and the unreal worlds.

My illusory world was not only sublime or grotesque, but a violently potent combination of the two. It was a manifestation of Natural and human forces gone berserk, fighting between and amongst themselves, using the human mind to play out their conflicts. Today, medication subdues the visual aspects of my world, but the feelings I felt eleven years ago remain as painful, if not more so, because now I am living more in the real world.

The actual psychotic experience is difficult to describe because it must be defined after the fact—for me, psychosis is crippling and hinders understandable creativity at the time. By "understandable" I mean something that can be translated into everyday language. Psychosis demands its own language to express an emotional vocabulary that is known only to the person himself. I have often felt that English was my second language: I once had my own language, parts of which had come in dreams and in semi-consciousness, but most of it remained in my subconscious, sometimes troubling, often nagging me. To create in English seemed to me an overpowering feat. At a point just prior to the onset of severe illness, I felt I had a friend in language: words were my security and helped me stave off the horrors going on in my mind. Soon, however, words became the illness and the illness became the words. My mind kept using language, or rather abusing it, by sublimating it to the powers of distorted sensory perception.

A schizophrenic is constantly in a state of creation, first creating his world as a way of coping with the real world, and then creating his symptoms as a way of coping with this world he has created. I find that each time I finally begin to let go of a symptom and face the reality it masks, another symptom will take its place, either to hide the same piece of reality that I cannot deal with or another idea that I have created from my own mind. I then must create ever new ways of coping with that symptom.

At one point in my therapy I began to write in my journal as part of the process. My therapist would read the entries at the beginning of a session so that we could talk about what I had gone through and what my thoughts or feelings might have been at the time. When man writes, he writes what he knows—his world, the world of Nature surrounding him—everything that his mind can absorb from the billions of impulses he encounters. Schizophrenia often hinders the ability to screen this multitude of stimuli and the mind crashes against itself, trying to accommodate a situation that may not be reasonable. Art so often seeks resolution. The schizophrenic can create art in the process of healing, as defined by the very nature of recovery, to resolve conflicts. To journey from insanity, in which creation is both a lover and a foe, to a world of balance and perspective is for me not only long and arduous but must involve artistry even if wellness and harmony remain only a partial reality.

Schizophrenia enriches the consciousness in that it makes manifest the mysterious and intriguing state of the subconscious. The healing process of merging the two states of consciousness, while highly desirable, might also be seen as a hindrance, for through this process the schizophrenic finds his imagination in a foreign element. While the psychotic state is despair and agony, it is nevertheless familiar. For myself, I found that once on the road to wellness, I could not return to total unreality in any significant way.

While still plagued by psychotic remnants, I am afraid to return in any case and feel I have left behind what were the most creative aspects of my life: what I write now pales in the wake of the verbal grandeur I formerly knew. Once I felt my brain as if without a skull, and described the pulsation of stimuli as they crashed against my mind. I still feel some of these sensations, however, and now describe what it is like to be trapped inside my head, banging against its walls, trying desperately to get out my words and my being.

In a sense this is what the artist is always striving for—to get at the inner reaches of his mind and to portray them to the world around him. Without this capacity, both the mentally ill and the artist remain alone with the activities

BRAIN FEVER

L.D. Black

Just before the world ended it was very popular to suffer from ennui. Indeed a whole century before, those of us who were not anticipating the end sorrowfully were too abstracted to see that the end was virtually upon us. We sat in our rooms, smoking our cigarettes and drinking our wine, filing away in our rotten little brains all the events and circumstances which were apocalyptically portentous. We chatted over coffee about the dissolution of morals, the futility of struggle, and the collective cosmic inconsequentiality.

Just before the world ended I had been reading a lot of Dostoevski. I slowly became conscious of how many people were suffering from brain fever. An ill wind could have planted it in the populace. Or it might have been something, indeed, that the Russians had sent us, since they were the inventors of brain fever and probably had a patent on it. People went insane in hordes. They spoke to God, they spoke to the devil, they committed atrocious criminal acts. There was no cure, of course, but only treatment; and then, more contagion. It was upon me before I realized it.

My own psychiatrist, who was Chinese and had probably never heard of brain fever—it being a decidedly Western malady—prescribed for me the popular anti-psychotic drugs of the time. But my pain was barely assuaged; the more Dostoevski I read, the worse the brain fever became.

My boyfriend Albert was the carrier who conveyed the brain fever to me, and I was indeed lucky—even blessed—that this was the worst thing I caught from him. He was well aware of his illness, though. And when he was having a particularly bad time of it he would sit and shake his head over his gin muttering "Brain fever . . . it's brain fever . . . " Then he would pass out.

After knowing Albert several months I began to exhibit some of his symptoms. Listlessness, delirium, depression, malaise. Whether Albert eventually died of it I do not know. He vanished one day and no one saw him again, though there was a rumor about him working as a clerk in Syracuse. But he'd infected quite a number of people. Many were low-lifes to begin with, and their behavior was no different sick as healthy. Some used drugs, some drank with ardor. Some roamed the streets late at night, feverish and lean, speaking to unseen beings. I recall one particularly afflicted lad named Henry. After contracting brain fever, he allowed his red hair to grow to his waist, stopped his studies like Raskolnikov, and eventually murdered his girlfriend with a bourbon bottle. The details of the act are too gruesome to relate, but Henry was not sent to prison, spending only a year in an institution for the criminally insane. I saw him recently, hobbling about on just one leg, the other having apparently been removed. He had also gone bald.

Just before the world ended, the masses were stricken with apathy. Whether they were *stricken*, or indeed it just crept over us like a leisurely blight, I cannot say. All but a few of the most passionate surrendered, without a struggle, when it became apparent the world was to end. This might have been God's way of anesthetizing us. In His Mercy, of course.

Most of us, I believe, had developed an *idée fixe* about ourselves: we grew into adulthood with the tragic delusion that we could do anything, be anything, without much effort; and so we dreamed ourselves to the hilt, evoking the loftiest aspirations and launching ourselves into the midst of them. For many, the dream died even before they graduated college. For the rest of us, it was the onslaught of so-called reality, exposure to the raw facts outside, which robbed us of our dreams overnight. Some of us found ourselves supermarket clerks, secretaries, unemployed, unloved, married to unsympathetic spouses, or stuck in some other futile, insufferable place. Our minds were numbed, our faculties withered. And in our guarded way we became great cynics. But saying that one was a cynic wasn't saying a hell of a lot. How one grappled with one's cynicism was everything.

Some became stoic, they encouraged insouciance and turned utterly insensible. Some became bitter and turned to a life of crime. Some drenched themselves in a sort of all-pervasive religion, so as to attribute their own apathy to the relinquishing of will to God. Some, although not many, committed suicide. And the rest simply became decadent, that is *over-ripe*.

Being over-ripe connotes spoilage, does it not? And we who became decadent either rotted, or in some euphemistic sense, fermented. All our intellect, ideas, opinions, observations rotted, in that they *turned bad*, and steeping together in a type of deadly soup provided us with the nourishment we needed to last a few more years. We lived off our own bile. We never lost anything (but maybe our naiveté), never numbed ourselves, relinquished nor eradicated anything; we held on to all the knowledge and personality we'd ever acquired. But as it had no atmosphere in which to expand, it boiled and steamed and became a concentrate. It rotted, it turned into a liquor. And intoxicated on our own despair, we lived and thrived in decadence.

I don't want to make this sound like another goddamn "Lost Generation." Indeed, with the loss of our naiveté, we surely lost our romance. And further, to be lost implies that there is something, somewhere from which to be lost.

Excerpted from a fictional work in progress.

of sensitive, observant, and active minds. The loneliness of the mentally ill very much resembles the loneliness of the artist, the exception being that the artist has more communicative tools to use. Recovery is rarely complete for the schizophrenic and one must balance two worlds as one attempts to communicate one's artistic inclinations. I must learn to live with the limitations of my illness, while trying to salvage part of the artistry that existed years ago and that was eventually to create my world.

Having been a student of literary theory and the relationship between art and Nature, it is not unusual that my world had its basis in the Natural world and what was Nature's particular significance to me. Even now I am haunted by the stark blackness of the trees against the opaque dome of glass that is the sky. I created a world of terror based on fears and inadequacies and the need to suffer alone. This was perhaps negative creation but its sublimity reminds me of what it seems to me the Romantics and, to some degree, the Transcendentalists were reaching for. In essence, the schizophrenic does transcend—he goes beyond earthly reality. The Romantics, particularly Wordsworth, sought absolute communion with the Natural forces. In my regressed state I returned to the "splendour of the grass"—I was one with Nature, with *my* nature. For both the Romantic and for myself, Nature was not only sublime and beautiful, it was terrifying. The Romantic paradox is at once an intense desire to be part of Nature, and yet a fear of it as well. This represents very accurately the aspect of schizophrenia known to many as "the divided self."

Division creates a conflict of mind that is central to much of human experience and greatly enhances the endeavor of human creativity. Dichotomy is a phenomenon of human mental processes that is defined by the structuralist theory of "binary opposition," which states that every word, idea, symbol, perception in the mind has an opposite element. Through the course of therapy I have learned that, not only is my mind divided once, but each element is subdivided until millions of "opposites" are fighting amongst themselves. This necessarily hinders creativity because the imagination is inwardly directed, trying to create an inner order. If this energy can be harnessed, as it can be at times with the help of medication or therapy, the schizophrenic has a wealth of experience to draw from, unique and remarkably insightful.

The juxtaposition of the two worlds and the beginnings of integration lead to a confusion of the real and the unreal. Artistic yearnings may be misdirected. Psychotic creation must somehow be translated into "understandable" expression. There is necessarily an interim period when the intellect wants to make the shift into reality, but the emotions are unruly and unwilling. For people passionately driven by artistry it remains to redirect that energy so that it can help incorporate the two worlds and perform the ultimate act of creativity—to build a new life and express that life in terms comprehensible.

I WENT RIESIGE ENTE TER

WHEN TRIXIE LAST IN THE DOORYARD LAY

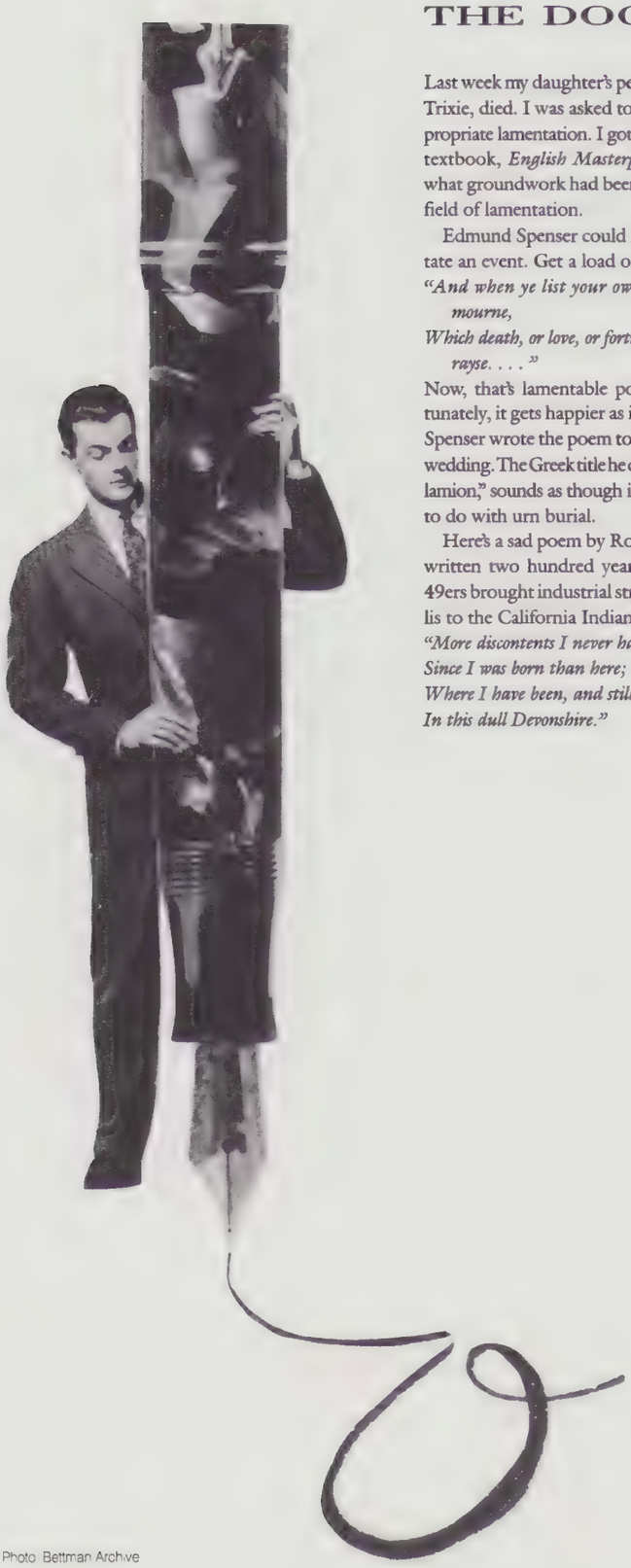


Photo Bettman Archive

Last week my daughter's pet guinea pig, Trixie, died. I was asked to write an appropriate lamentation. I got down an old textbook, *English Masterpieces*, to see what groundwork had been done in the field of lamentation.

Edmund Spenser could really lamentate an event. Get a load of this:

"And when ye list your own mishaps to mourne,
Which death, or love, or fortune wreck did rayse. . . ."

Now, that's lamentable poetry. Unfortunately, it gets happier as it goes along. Spenser wrote the poem to celebrate his wedding. The Greek title he chose, "Epithalamion," sounds as though it should have to do with urn burial.

Here's a sad poem by Robert Herrick written two hundred years before the 49ers brought industrial strength syphilis to the California Indians:

"More discontents I never had
Since I was born than here;
Where I have been, and still am sad,
In this dull Devonshire."

Sad all right, but not lamentable.

Perhaps, a toe-tapping quatrain that's lachrymose, yet tuneful:

"The voyage was long,
The water deep,
I am from Trixie
But one short sleep."

Throw in some iambs, anapests, and trochees and you've got musical thought. The feeling is real; it just isn't anapested well enough.

Herrick has been sliding by for over three hundred years. All because his poetry has good footwork:

"Only a little more
I have to write
Then I'll give o'er
And bid the world good-night."

Another four, five hundred years and he's liable to disappear without a trace.

Thomas Gray has only been dead for 213 years and his poetry remains as obscure as ever:

"Awake, Aeolian lyre, awake,
And give rapture to all thy trembling strings!
From Helicon's harmonious springs

If Gray told anybody what that meant back in 17-and-something, they forgot to write it down. An oversight which insures the poem's place forever in anthologies.

To Gray's credit he was offered the job of poet laureate and turned it down. Probably didn't want to spend all his time writing poems about dead guinea pigs.

Spenser was also laureate material. In his wedding song his alert mind was probing and potshooting:

"Nor griesly vultures make us once affeard!
Ne let th' unpleasant quyre of frogs still croaking.
Make us to wish theyr choking."

The poet laureate had to be on his toes even in bed. Pretend for a moment that you are sound asleep, and ten sword-slinging, smelling foreigners burst into your bedroom, yelling: "Get thyself in gear. The King's just choked to death on a hummingbird beak, and the court is all atwitter. The Queen wants it in spondaic heptameter."

THE SHROUD

Frozen depths of concrete basement lurked beneath his feet, silent as a tomb. Gregory didn't like to go down there, especially when he was alone in the house. It was too quiet, too grey and damp, too dark and cold and stark. The rafters were bare as skeleton bones, pipe and wiring hung naked in the shadows. He felt a scary feeling down there, a threat of monsters and devils who would surely pick a place like this to come and live. There were plenty of places to hide, behind boxes or under the stairs or in murky dark corners. He thought of it as the underworld, where his parents hid all the ugly things they didn't want the neighbors to see, where everything that was broken or outgrown or just in the way was abandoned.

High on the wall, suspended by wires from concrete blocks, he saw a lumpy brown cloth form, a shroud. He imagined it a mummy or a canvas coffin for some strangely shaped ancestor. It was wide on the bottom, then a long skinny neck and no head at all—decapitated. It was too ominous to live with so he asked his father what it was.

"A cello," said his father. There was a small smile. A cello. Wrapped up in that cold dark shroud was something warm, worn and familiar, a sober instrument of delicate aged wood, full smooth curves hand rubbed with oil and wax. An ebony fingerboard perhaps, old wooden pegs and golden wound strings stroked by a horsehair bow, purring with a calm and warm and mellow tone. A gentle voice, a lullaby. Gregory remembered seeing a woman on TV, playing a cello, alone on a stage. It was mahogany, autumn leaves, a cabin fire. He was intrigued at how she spread her legs and held the cello between them, her skirt sunken between her knees. He'd never seen a girl sit like that, and he knew they weren't supposed to. And so he was comforted by the fact that this woman cared enough about the cello to risk her femininity that way.

TO HEAVEN, MET ELVIS

RORISIERT DIE STADT

SELTANZERIN HAT

As you begin to write, these thugs, reeking of garlic and cheap malmsey, lean over your shoulder, belching half-digested blackbird parts into your vellum. One dastard points a greasy finger at your lines and says, "Dah, dum, de, dah, de, dum. Hey, that's not spondee; that's dactyl. Wadaya think yer doin?" The sudden sharp edge of a sword is pressed against your throat. "Dactyl?" announces the head shagnasty. "Dactyl is for guinea pig funerals. Let's have a little less eclat and more obsequy."

America has never had an official poet laureate. It is felt in poetic circles that America will never have one until Allen Ginsberg is completely dead.

Waiting under bridges and overpasses are many new poets. Typical is the Albion bard, Mr. Snakefarm T. Mousegraves, easily recognized without his stovepipe hat because of several large nails in the top of his bald head. The nails are driven in only an inch or so and galvanized as a precaution against the salt air. Snakefarm waxes most eloquently about pre-Columbian Americana:

"Atahualpa's long gone
Who used to eat seaweed
By the early dawn,
Munching whole heart and half
Baked brain in a tortilla,
Beady browed, furry eyed
Not unlike a gorilla . . . "

A good Republican, hearing Mr. Mousegraves read that poem at a presidential inauguration, might wonder if the laureate job shouldn't be an elected position. "Shucks, I coulda done that good."

The rabble likes its poetry melodious, like Gray's:

"Isles, that crown th' Aegean deep,
Fields, that cool Ilissus laves.
Or where Meander's amber waves
In lingering labyrinths creep."

Snakefarm's poem wasn't in the same book as "lingering labyrinths." It was in a paperback called *Slime Never Sleeps*. The librarian used to keep it under the counter, and you had to show your ID when you checked it out. The last time I looked at the book, someone had torn out all the good parts.

My own efforts on behalf of the lately lamented Trixie was also unacceptable. My poem tends, I think, unsuccessfully toward the surclassical:

WHEN TRIXIE LAST IN THE DOORYARD LAY
"Would that I could lament,
An ecomiastic ode to foment,
Like an 'Epitaph On Salathiel Pavy'
Or the hudribrascity of Kemosabe.
I hear the murmur of innumerable bees,
A scratchy refrain: Thy dog has fleas."

While I was composing the foregone, my daughter found in her pocketbook edition of *A Child's Garden of Verses* the perfect poem:

"Not a drum was heard, not a funeral note,
As his corpse to the rampart we hurried;
Not a soldier discharged his farewell shot
O'er the grave where our hero we buried."

R.L. Horton

She must be very serious, he thought, and quite sincere.

There was one day when his father took it down off the wall and unwrapped it and leaned it back between his knees and tried to stroke it with the horsehair bow. But most of the hair had pulled out of the bow and dangled lifeless from the end, and the strings were old, black, kinky wire and they wouldn't sing, but snarled. The lacquer on the body was cracked and yellowed, and the fingerboard dusty and the pegs stiff and stuck in their holes. And it seemed sad and resigned, like a successful man who is secretly alcoholic, and really doesn't love his wife, much, anymore.

So Gregory ran his hands over the softly bulging body, the simple flourish of scroll, and wrapped it up back in its canvas shroud and laid it to rest on its hooks and wires, harmless and helpless, pinned to the cold hard wall.

Rebekah Johnson

A BARGAIN SEALED

He was only a security guard, but he said, "I wouldn't drive in that traffic for a million dollars."

Below Tamburlaine's balcony the city, at rush hour, had become a living jewel.

"How about for ten million?"

So at the same hour, the next day, he was worth ten million dollars in the rush hour traffic.

"If one believes the old legends," Tamburlaine Moon had mused, "the city will die if the Crown of Khoahora is sold. Why grieve the council with that responsibility?"

The council had finally been willing to sell the jewels abroad to save the life of this city, their beautiful, spendthrift darling of cut stone, spired metal and colored glass.

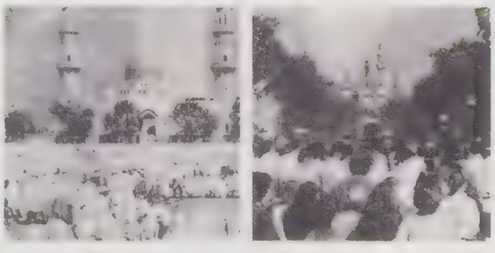
Seven fellow guards dead, he was on his way back to Tamburlaine's—then out of the country, taking with him, in a blue box, the legend and the responsibility and the life of the city.

When he heard the bulletin again, the radio went off. "A massive tie-up has halted. . . ."

He thumped on his dead windows. All the other drivers kept looking away as he turned towards them. When he finally began to recognize the driver in the car beside him, that individual, smiling in profile, somehow drove smoothly off through all the bright frozen miles of total gridlock.

Recognition clicks: He sees that the other drivers are all himself. The other cars are all his. There must now be countless Crowns of Khoahora, beneath the stiff gaze of Tamburlaine Moon, and nobody is going anywhere.

—Kelly Reynolds



A JUXTAPOSITION OF PILGRIMS

EIN BABY WAHREND DER AUFFUHR & TOOK HIS PHOTO

ABSTRACTION

He pulled the door open and we walked in. I didn't stop to ask him if he had any money, just went up to the bar and ordered a pitcher of dark. I turned automatically to the darkest corner and found him seated against the wall. I sat down, and after pouring myself a beer, pushed the pitcher toward the middle of the table. As he filled his glass a little more than full, he asked me if I had a smoke. I would have had one out and offered, but two years had dulled the incisive definition of our relationship. I extracted two Pall Malls from the packet in my pocket. He laid a napkin in the pool of beer on the table and took one of the cigarettes from my fingers. I glanced at the other one, and placed it between my lips. I pulled the box of small, wooden matches from my shirt pocket and took out a match. Striking the match on the underside of the table, I put the box back into my pocket.

As I reach out to light his cigarette, I notice the small, brown letters on the end towards me.

Taking refuge in ritual, I sit and hold the burning match, unlit cigarette in mouth, until it is nearly burning my fingertips; then I grasp the relatively cool tip of the match and turn the unburnt end up into the flame. The flame grows eagerly, though briefly, and I light my cigarette with its last guttering flickers.

My thoughts race blackly as I drop the burnt-out match into the ashtray. Is it an accident that Martin has presented the inscribed end of his cigarette for me to light? I inhale deeply as I attempt to calm myself by trying to recall the name of a novel. I can't; though I seem to remember that it was written by Graham Greene. Where and when I read it, I certainly can't remember, only the notion of a character observing that another lit the printed ends of his cigarettes—in the manner of one who had been in hiding. Is it reasonable to imagine that Martin, too, has read and remarked this single, obscure reference?

I feel the tension building in my spine. Is Martin aware of which end of his cigarette he smokes first? And what if he is? Implications swirl and clash in my mind, their rough edges abrading my precarious peace. Am I being mocked? Or greeted as a comrade? Is anything happening at all?

I gulp at my beer as I frantically try to remember or imagine the course of events that led to his having the imprinted end of his cigarette lit. The cigarettes sit peacefully, in orderly rows in the packet, their printed ends up; that much is certain and not threatening. In my mind, I withdraw two of them between my middle and index fingers. Now, as I hold them, one of them must be turned end for end if both the printed ends are to burn to ash and be lost forever. The crucial point is this: did I hand him his cigarette, and then reverse my own before lighting it; or did I reverse both of them, and then hand him one before taking my own between my lips? Either way, the result may still have been random. He may have dropped his on the table and happened to pick it up that way. I still don't know which end I handed him, and I won't know. I cannot know.

I fill my glass and listen. Martin, too, has refilled his glass and now begins to speak. He is no longer a student. I stub out my cigarette. He has lately quit his job. I do not hear what job that was. He is painting again and living off his savings. I am waiting only for him to ask for another cigarette. He tells me that he has tired of abstraction. I am immersed in abstraction, trying to arrange all the scintillating motes of possibility into some meaningful pattern. I close my eyes to slits and look at him through my eyelashes. I am no longer conscious of Martin's voice.

"And what have you been doing with yourself?" says Martin's voice. "Did you settle your differences with the authorities?"

I open my eyes. Martin still sits across the table, waiting. I look at him and say nothing.

"Nothing," I say after a moment. I do not respond to his second question.

I cannot breathe. I reach into my pocket and pull out the cigarettes. My hand twitches, and two cigarettes lie on the table between us. I pick one up and put the plain end between my lips. I look to Martin's eyes, rather than his hand, as he picks the other one up. As his hand comes up, so do his eyes; questioning eyes, puzzled by my intensity. They reveal nothing, but still I laugh as I reach to light the unprinted end of his cigarette.

Stephen Bird

Photo Bettman Archive

BARE ASPEN

Social intercourse has predictable avenues. In our culture, a sojourn at Colorado's Aspen is almost as important as an invitation to the White House. Although local gossip writers are not sophisticated or high-heeled enough to absorb such rarefied airs, the greats, near greats, and ingrates of film and television fame consider Aspen and skiing a must. Lo!

Each day, during the winter season, Aspen Air and Rocky Mountain Airways bring hundreds of Beautiful People into that one little airport nestled in the mountains. Elegant bags wait haphazardly in the center of the area. Many have surfaced either before or after or instead of their owners, but all are unfortunately claimed. Some of these bags are just sooo tacky one can't believe it!

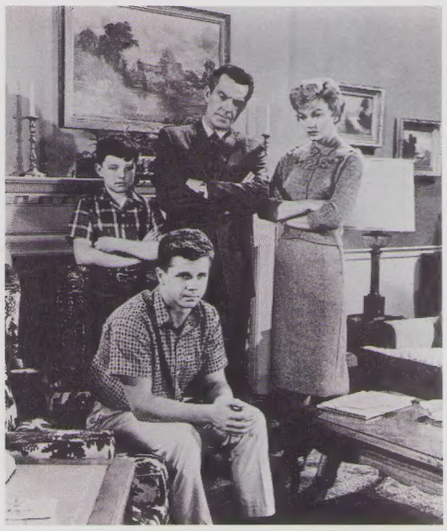
As with many expensive, often fatal sports activities, not everyone who aspires, achieves. We all know social lions who would look silly on skis. But then, we all know social lions who look silly no matter what. One Aspen Ski School instructor has an amusing tale about the girlfriend of a famous TV star who insisted upon riding the lifts to the top of Aspen Mountain. Most novices would rather die, because this mountain is 10,000 feet straight up — and down! So, because The crowd is seen there, up she went! Getting down the mountain wasn't any fun. The girl froze, wept, and walked — sideways of course. Then, fearing she'd run into a social columnist and the tabloids would pick up on it, she flung herself off the mountain!

Can you blame her?

In Aspen, Little Nell's is the watering hole of the moment. Here, everyone looks great! You can also visit at lifts, during face lifts, and lift stop restaurants with aficionados from anywhere throughout North and South America. Everybody's trying it!

Fashion in Aspen is rare. Off the slopes the designer jeans, boots and glasses, are com-

AS PROOF



bined with minks, sables, silver foxes, hedgehogs, leathers, buckskin and other conspicuous environmental consumption. All of these goodies are extremely visible because one can walk to any destination. Or just stand there.

When skiing isn't fun, it's great to sashay around Aspen in one's furs and diamonds and buckskin, and romance the past. As Ute City at the beginning of the Silver Boom in 1879, where $10 million worth of silver ore was pillaged from Aspen Mountain each year through the 1880s, the town acquired a character which is preserved to this day. It makes one wish for more ore!

But if the concern is to ski or not to ski, that is the question: Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer the slings and errors of outrageous fashion, or take arms against a sea of baubles and by opposing them, end them.

—Jill F. Boyd

Photo: Bettman Archive

Contributors

THOMAS BELLER, a spiritual descendant of Patrick Ewing, Henry Miller, and Lester Bangs, writes about art and film.

STEPHEN BIRD currently lives in Washington state. During the daytime he builds boats. During the night he writes and drinks lots of coffee.

JUDITH BLOCKER is a freelance writer and photographer who resides in Santa Monica, California. Her interviews with artists in the film and recording industry have appeared in print and on radio since 1978. Currently her nonfiction writing focuses on the obscure in both historical and contemporary culture.

CARLE VP GROOME is music critic and reviewer for *Downtown*, associate editor of *Ear* Magazine, reporter-at-large for *Metro* Magazine as well as Japanese publications *The Edge*, *Rakkan*, and *English Journal*. He has just finished a science fiction novel, *Two-Bit Dreams*.

R.L. HORTON is a writer living in Little River, California.

KARYN MONGET is a fashion journalist living in New York City.

PATRICK MOXEY graduated from the University of Chicago. He freelances for *Paper* and *New Musical Express*. He's also promoter and doorman for Milky Way and The World, in New York, and is artist manager for the groups Society and Fontaine with associate Scott Mehno.

PATRICIA RUOCCHIO graduated from Harvard University and now works as a free-lance writer out of Boston. She has published in *The American Journal of Psychiatry*, *Hospital and Community Psychiatry* and the *New York Times*. She writes essays on mental illness and literary criticism, and has just completed a manuscript on life with schizophrenia.

MARGARET SUNDELL is a go-go dancer in New York who writes about art.

SOUTH OF THE BORDER DOWN MANHATTAN WAY.

". . .The stylish new Cinco de Mayo is worth noting as an ambitious and serious spot. . ."
Bryan Miller, New York Times – April 10, 1987

". . .Mostly delicious exotica at reasonable tariffs. . .The house's burrito is a jalapeño tortilla lovingly browned, especially seductive, filled with black beans and that homemade sausage or good charred chicken . . ."
Gael Greene, New York Magazine – March 9, 1987

CINCO·DE·MAYO
45 Tudor City Place
New York, 10017
661-5070

Free parking after 5:00 PM

When in Soho visit our original location—
349 West Broadway
Between Broome & Grand Streets
226-5255

THE WATERBEARER AND THE FISH

L.D. Black

On the outer limits of the solar system spin the erratic orb of Uranus and the nebulous sphere of Neptune: seemingly lost in space, mysteriously self-absorbed and utterly alone. Likewise, on the fringe of society, amid geniuses and lunatics, fanatics and addicts, martyrs, magicians and mad scientists dwell the Uranian Aquarian and the Neptunian Piscean, the Waterbearer and the Fish; prepared at any moment of crisis to slit their wrists, redeem the world, enact a miracle, or drift off gently into the ether of space like earthbound angels when their wings have been hacked away by the very humanity whom they love.

A thinker first and a lover thereafter, Aquarians bear a brutal passion for that abstraction called humanity. They'll dispatch hundreds of checks to charity. They'll suffer genuine *Weltschmerz* for the victims of the world. And with a little Fire or Scorpio in their chart, they may even go out into the streets—like the feminine trio of Uranian upstarts, Redgrave, Goldman and Angela Davis—to deliver a few orations on behalf of the hungry, the homeless and the hideous. Yet, conversely, Aquarians are sometimes reclusive and decidedly egocentric, sitting alone amid their books or visions or their bottles of booze, for they battle the barriers of detachment and misapprehension when they meet their beloved mankind face to face.

The usual Piscean believes that only love is real; and the human abstraction so real to the Waterbearer is unreal to the Fish. They require the flesh and blood of intimacy and empathy. They embrace the grieving, mop the blood from the wounds of the dying, and can practically resurrect the dead with a kiss if their faith is as messianic as their impulse, for Jesus was born to herald in this Piscean Age. Unlike their Aquarian brothers, who have their ego to keep them safe, Pisceans have no natural defenses. They're as sensitive as a flower on the periphery of winter, as susceptible to the horrors which they strive to heal or correct. Like the Piscean Socrates, they'll drink hemlock to save their honor, or wander out into a river with rocks in their pockets, like Virginia Woolf, if the wars become too gruesome or the critics too harsh. Pisceans may retreat into chemicals, dreams or Pollyannic conventions. But their eyes, unlike the intense Aquarian glare, are always crystalline, aquamarine, looking very far away.

The callow Aquarian, if he's not a student of nuclear physics, is like the typically Uranian James Dean: too fast to live and too young to die. They need to experience everything fast and extreme for many Aquarians die young. If they don't expire wired, like Aquarian John Belushi, or self-destruct sordidly like Aquarian Punk Sid Vicious, they long for death like an arch-European Romantic—Aquarians Mozart, Schubert or even Novalis who, while living very fast indeed, were perhaps, on the contrary, too good to live and quite ready to die.

If the Waterbearer survives juvenility and succeeds in moderating his self-excess, he'll become the greatest American president, like Lincoln or F.D.R.; lead troops of soldiers into exulted battles like MacArthur and Omar Bradley; or fight other people's battles, like Lord Byron, and die. They'll create great incomprehensible *magnum opera* like Joyce's *Finnegan's Wake*, Gertrude Stein's *Tenderbuttons*, Dickens' *Pickwick Papers* or Swedenborg's *Arcana Coelestia*. It's the rare Aquarian who lives and dies without creating a stir, a splash or a scandal at least once.

Youthful Pisceans, especially as children, are the most exquisite, mystical beings one can encounter in this sphere. They're as alluring as Tadzio on the beaches of *Venedig*, or as lovely as little Elizabeth Taylor, a ravishing Piscean princess riding off on her Velvet steed. On the other hand, that adolescent Neptunian, with his blue eyes and Botticelli facade, will be the first schoolboy to shoot heroin in the washroom or conjure up the spirit of Baal on his Ouija Board for kicks.

Some mature Pisceans, like Marcel Marceau or Maurice Ravel, remain as ethereal in adulthood as they were as children. They're martyric artists like Michelangelo, slaving on the scaffold below the Sistine ceiling; or August Renoir, with his paintbrushes bound to his arthritic hands. They're consumptive composers like Chopin, creating Nocturnes and Preludes of ineffable beauty with a blood-bespattered handkerchief atop his pianoforte. Few creators can wrench the soul of art like a Piscean Muse. Steinbeck's stories can break one's heart. Nureyev's *pas seul* can dazzle one's vision. And no one can sit through Resnais' *Nacht und Nebel* without taking upon oneself the entire shame of humanity.

Uranian men and women have the unique honor of being presumed asexual by many astrologers. Most Aquarians find this presumption annoying indeed. If they're not *asexual* then they're said to be *deviant*. And though this may be true at times—everyone knows of Aquarian Lewis Carroll's unsavory delight in little girls—the appearances, especially via the modern media, do not thoroughly support this allegation.

Aquarian women have great profiles. Some are blonde, beautiful and classic like Vanessa Redgrave and Mia Farrow. Others are blonde, beautiful and embarrassing like Zsa Zsa Gabor and Carole Lombard who was overheard once at a social gathering, saying, "This party is as much fun as a dry fuck." Uranian women generally speak their minds. Uranian women hate bores because they have a secret terror of becoming one.

Aquarian men are much less threatening than Aquarian women. To some, Paul Newman may be the sexiest Aquarian in existence, but his visage is now plastered on bottles of vinaigrette and jars of tomato puree. Burt Reynolds, Tom Selleck, Clark Gable—all of the Uranian persuasion—may appear dashing and debonair on the big or little screen, but there is something nevertheless comical about their attempts at seductivity. Both Uranian sexes find it impossible to make love until they're actually too drunk to do it.

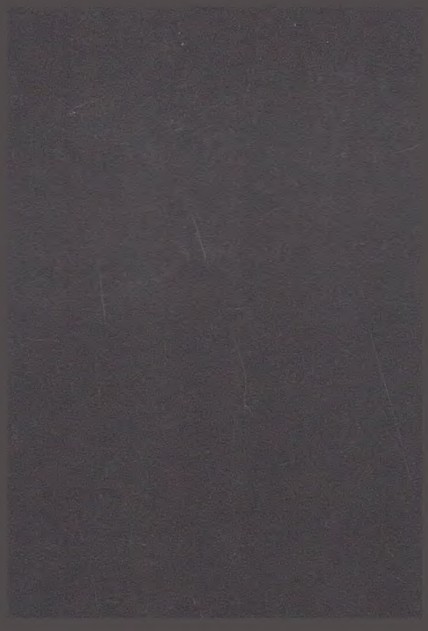
The Neptunian sexes, much to the Uranian's disgust, are consistently described as delectable, delightful, succulent and ravishing. While it may be true that Pisceans inflame passion facilely, once one has been so Neptunially enraptured, the lover discovers he's involved with a creature who is at one moment St. Agnes, and the next, Lou Reed.

There seems to be two kinds of Piscean women. Both are as breathtaking as Merle Oberon, but one will be sentimentally cloying and self-righteous like Elizabeth Barrett-Browning, and the other will be into her fifth martini at Charlie's Bar on a nymphomaniacal binge. Both are angels.

Piscean men, as regards *l'affaires de coeur*, are more than a little fishy. They disregard dates, give dubious excuses, then drift away in the midst of discussion to gaze at a ghost they've suddenly apprehended in another part of the room. The Neptunian man will have the look of a seraph, the intuition of Albert Einstein and the voice of Belafonte. But his lymphatic moods can be a drag. He can go from ingenuous to imperious faster than Rex Harrison. Or from junkie to Jesus-freak in less than a week.

Despite the glib dismissals one can make regarding Aquarian extremists or Piscean eccentrics, the Waterbearer and the Fish are the mind and heart of the zodiac. In fact, Pisces and Aquarius are very much the Signs of the times.

Exiting two thousand years of the Neptunian-ruled epoch—beginning with Christ's nativity, symbolized by the Christian sign of the Fish—the following three decades will manifest an acceleration both of Piscean spirituality and insecurity. That global Aquarian ideal approaches, extolled by visionaries, such as Huxley, Jung and even Nostradamus, since well before the century began.

The genius of these years cannot be understated. Nor the possibility of debacle. Neptunian instability may wed Uranian erraticality in an incendiary marriage of war. Or, the knowledge of Aquarius may expand the spiritual elements of Pisces, and bring them forward to the rational, conscious mind. Through ignorance, the Waterbearer and the Fish may meet like two planets in collision. Through love, they may evolve in a fusion of wisdom and transformation.

NEW WORLD
254 East Second Street New York, NY 10009 212/477-8677